

SEPTEMBER 7, 1902.

# The Academy



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## The Literary Week.

NEXT week, following our September custom, we shall publish a supplement dealing with educational subjects and text-books.

WE have pleasure in announcing that many of the "Enquiry" articles which have appeared in the ACADEMY during the past two years are to be published in book form by Mr. Grant Richards. Their author, Mr. E. A. Bennett, has himself practised the crafts of the novelist and the playwright, and we need not at this date extol the vigour and originality of his articles on fiction. Among the authors he has dealt with are Miss Braddon, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Madame Sarah Grand, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. George Gissing, and Mr. George Moore.

WE are glad to learn that Mrs. Meynell, who is about to travel in the United States and Mexico, will contribute to the *Pall Mall Gazette* impressions of her journeyings.

THE handsomest and most interesting book that the week has brought us is Messrs. Macmillan's issue of Walter Pater's *Essays from the Guardian*. The delicate green cover and gold acanthus design are, of course, uniform with the new complete "édition de luxe" issued by the same publishers. The volume consists of nine papers, which originally appeared anonymously. It may be of interest to give a list of the contents, and the dates on which they appeared in the *Guardian*:

1. English Literature: Four Books for Students of English Literature, February 17, 1886.
2. Amiel's *Journal Intime*, March 17, 1886.
3. Browning, November 9, 1887.
4. *Robert Elsmere*, March 28, 1888.
5. Their Majesties' Servants, *Annals of the English Stage, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean*. By Dr. Doran. June 27, 1888.
6. Wordsworth, February 27, 1889.
7. Mr. Gosse's Poems, *On Viol and Flute*, October 29, 1890.
8. Ferdinand Fabre, *Norine*, June 12, 1889.
9. The *Contes* of M. Augustin Filon, July 16, 1890.

SINCE we wrote the foregoing paragraph, the supremacy in this week's publications of Mr. Pater's *Essays* has been challenged by the arrival of the first volume of Mr. Augustine Birrell's long-expected edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. The book is neatness itself in its maroon buckram cover and its white paper title-label. The page is a pretty one. We advance to the *Life* through 64 pages of preliminary matter. First we have a Preface by Mr. Ernest Radford, which we should have thought scarcely fulfils the duties of a preface, since it is really an essay on portraits of Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and their friends. We gather, indeed, from the title-page that Mr. Radford's share in the edition is limited to the selection of portraits.

These will be a very strong feature. Following this "preface" comes an eighteen-page introduction by Mr. Birrell. This is followed by Boswell's dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the "Advertisements" to the first five editions of his immortal work. Then, and then only, do we reach Boswell's fine opening sentence: "To write the *Life* of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments, or his various works, has been equalled by few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task."

REFERRING to a paragraph which recently appeared in an American contemporary, in which it was stated that a party of pilgrims, on a visit to Mr. Thomas Hardy, "found that the Wessex country was not intrinsically romantic and beautiful, but could only move as viewed through the illusions produced by the novelist," Mr. Hardy has addressed the following letter to C. K. S., of the *Sphere*:

"This statement is rather unfair to Wessex, and, indeed, quite inaccurate, as will be evident when it is explained that the party of visitors did not go near the 'intrinsically romantic' spots imperfectly described in the novels, but, like almost all tourists, adhered for the most part to the London highway and the branch highway passing through the heath district, which is rather impressive and lonely than 'romantic' or 'beautiful.' Had they, for instance, visited Shaston or Shaftesbury, Bullbarrow, Nettlecombe Tout, Dogberry Hill, High Stoy, Cross in Hand, Bubb Down Hill, Toller Down, Wynyard's Gap, and a dozen other such places for inland scenery, and the coast cliffs between Swanage and Lyme Regis for marine, such a remark could not have been made. But then, most of these spots lie miles out of the regular way, and few of them can be reached except on foot. The pilgrims were not absent from London much more than twelve hours altogether, returning there the same evening; and it is utterly impossible to see the recesses of this county in such a manner, not to mention those adjoining."

CONGRATULATIONS to the *Bookman* on completing ten years of its life. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, its editor, gives an account of the inception of the magazine. It is interesting to learn that the late Professor Drummond urged that *Literature* should be adopted as the title, as being rounder, fuller, and more dignified. In recalling the services of many distinguished contributors, whose portraits run along the tops of the pages like a frieze, Dr. Nicoll mentions that from the beginning Miss Annie Macdonell, known as the writer of a monograph on Thomas Hardy, has assisted him in the editorship. To the second number Walter Pater sent a critical article which was probably the last criticism he ever wrote. Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams has also rendered excellent aid of late years as assistant editor. Finally, Dr. Nicoll makes an interesting, though, at present, somewhat vague, announcement, as follows:

Other projects are in view. To those who have seriously engaged in it literary history is the most fascinating of all studies; but in the literary history of England there is still much to be accomplished. Already I have planned a history of English literature which will first be published



in connection with the *Bookman*, probably in monthly parts, and will be issued in two or three years from this time. For this many novel features have been arranged. It is a dream of mine to establish a quarterly wholly devoted to English literary history and criticism. Such an organ is greatly needed for the publication of texts, the discussion of problems, the making known of discoveries. Many figures in our literature ought to be deliberately re-estimated. Such an organ cannot, in the nature of things, bring much money to anyone connected with it; but I think that, in the British Empire and in America, a constituency could be found numerous enough to provide against loss. I shall greatly value communications on this subject, and shall do my best to answer them.

COMMENTING ON Mr. Alfred Nutt's letter to ourselves, in a recent issue, on the relations between literature and success, Mr. Andrew Lang criticises Mr. Nutt's contention that there have always been successes among bad books. Mr. Nutt doubted if Dickens sold so well as G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth. On this point, says Mr. Lang,

statistics are not perhaps to be procured, unless the publishers of James and Ainsworth look over their old books and accounts in the interests of science. But Forster's *Life of Dickens* certainly seems to imply that the successes of the author of *Pickwick* were infinitely greater than those of the authors of *The Tower of London*, and of—well, I don't know what G. P. R. James *did* write. As to Reynolds (I am no better seen in Reynolds), his was a subterranean success. Nobody called his work "literature." He was not perused by the class which now lays down its six shillings for a novel by the authors who are censured by the *Quarterly Review*. Deans did not give readings to ladies from the works of Reynolds, nor of G. P. R. J. These gentlemen were not recommended or denounced in sermons. They were not, like the foes of the *Quarterly* to-day, looked on as oracles in matters of social philosophy, science, and religion. The great popular novelists whom the educated classes read were Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, and Kingsley.

A CORRESPONDENT writes on books for Dante readers: "Messrs. Methuen have almost ready Mr. Toynbee's *Dante Studies and Researches*; and although the volume is made up principally of articles which have appeared before in English or Continental reviews, yet even those who are familiar with them will be glad to have them collected into a single volume, and, of course, to others the book will be new. Another book, of which Messrs. Wicksteed and Gardner are the authors, will treat of the correspondence between Virgil and Dante, and much other related matter, and will include, besides introduction, critical text of the Latin verses, translation and notes, the literary remains of Virgil and Musatto. Also Dr. Elsner's translation of the 'Purgatorio' will be published shortly by Dent's, completing their edition of the comedy. It is to be hoped that the editors of this series will continue their good work, and give us translations of the 'Convito,' 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' and the 'Vita Nuova.' Altogether disproportionate attention is bestowed by editors upon the 'Commedia,' to the almost complete neglect of the minor works. Now that we are in a Dante floodtide, may we hope that it will bring, before ebbing, some non-Comedic studies?"

MR. FORTESCUE, Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, has been telling the Library Association that "there is always a tendency among such as are close to the abyss of insanity to cleave to the public library." This has reminded a contemporary of the evidence given by Carlyle before a Commission on the British Museum, which sat fifty years ago. Said that writer of books, "There are several persons who come to read in the British Museum

in a state of imbecility. They are sent there by their friends to pass away their time. I remember there was one gentleman who used to blow his nose very loudly every half hour. I inquired who he was, and I was informed that he was a mad person sent by his friends. He made extracts out of books and puddled away his time there."

ARPROPOS of insanity and reading, the bibliomaniac is certainly sometimes a kleptomaniac. Under the heading of "Losses," in a report to the State Library of Kansas, its late librarian writes:

All the world over there are more or less kleptomaniacs among bibliomaniacs. The disease spreads in all seasons of the year, and in all climates with equal facility. Persons exposed to old libraries containing many rare books filled with choice plates and illustrations, seem most liable to the contagion. The symptoms of the disease are so variable that it is difficult to detect it, and it often requires long and patient watching to make the proper diagnosis. It may be chronic in the least suspected individual. The mild-mannered gentleman of middle age, with a bald head, whose language is precise and cultivated, and who is a zealous student of some scientific specialty, may be in the worst stages of the malady, and the librarian not know it until too late. This is but one specimen of the bookworm that destroys more than he devours. Nothing approaching a specific has ever been discovered for this devastating disease. Probably the nearest to it is detection, trial, conviction, and speedy execution.

The writer then proceeds to set forth the missing items and concludes as follows:

It seems an incongruous collection for purposes of larceny. The party in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, who purloined Mr. Young's work on *The Conduct, Manners, &c., of the Most Refined Society*, will scarcely find in it a precedent for this act. *Dillon on the Removal of Causes* might have suggested its removal; but the moral hunger of the man who abstracted the Revised New Testament is something appalling.

In the *New York Times Saturday Review* Mr. J. C. Evans continues his reminiscences of Thackeray, whom he met, among other places, at the Garrick Club.

He told some curious stories of his American experiences, one of them being of a waiter at the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis, who nudged a fellow-servitor and said to him, in a hoarse whisper: "See that man?" "Yes, who's he?" "That's the great Thacker." "Hell! What's he done?" "D—d if I know."

Thackeray appears to have had a passion for the American oyster, and frequently feasted on what Mr. Evans calls "the gentle substance of that marine concretion."

THE same paper prints an interview with Mr. George Moore, who delivered himself of these astonishing remarks:

There can be no revival of English literature, for the simple reason that the medium through which it must speak is not capable of revivification; the English language is dead, just as surely as the Latin and Greek languages are dead. . . . There has never been a really good English novel written; they are all simply about classes, not about humanity.

Asked by the interviewer whether he would not except Thackeray's novels, Mr. Moore replied:

Thackeray? Certainly not. The way one thinks of Thackeray is carving a round of beef, after piously giving thanks for belonging to the glorious Brixton Empire, with its highly respectable standards of tradesman's morality.

If Mr. Moore really believes that the English language is dead he has our profound sympathy in his efforts to resuscitate the Irish.

MR. DOOLEY has been translating Lord Kitchener's Proclamation to the Boers. His version is not unfair, though it is farcical, hitting:

Lord Kitchener wrote th' notice. He's a good writer. "Ladies an' Gintlemen," he says, "this war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it, but it's so. Ye've broke th' rules, an' we give th' fight to ourselves on a foul. Th' first principle iv a war again England is that th' inimy shall wear r-red or purple coats with black marks fr to indicate the location iv vital organs be day an' a locomotive head-light be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range an' at th' wurrud 'Fire!' shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' aftherward will be considered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules, an' is severely discountenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Any attempt at concealment is treachery. Th' scandalous habit iv pluggin' our gallant sojers from behind rocks an' trees is a breach iv international law. Rethreatin' when pursuod is wan iv our copyrighted manoevers, an' all infringimints will be prosecuted. At a wurrud fr'm us th' war is over an' we own ye'er country."

It is not altogether surprising that Mr. Joseph Conrad, having departed from his usual sea matter, should have found his critics somewhat bewildered over *The Inheritors*. In a long letter to the *New York Times Saturday Review* he explains the intention of the book, written, it will be remembered, in collaboration with Mr. F. M. Hueffer. We cannot enter into the broad question which Mr. Conrad opens up, but his concluding words are interesting in themselves, and may be quoted alone:

Fiction, at the point of development at which it has arrived, demands from the writer a spirit of scrupulous abnegation. The only legitimate basis of creative work lies in the courageous recognition of all the irreconcilable antagonisms that make our life so enigmatic, so burdensome, so fascinating, so dangerous—so full of hope. They exist! And this is the only fundamental truth of fiction. Its recognition must be critical in its nature, inasmuch that in its character it may be joyous, it may be sad, it may be angry with revolt, or submissive in resignation. The mood does not matter. It is only the writer's self-forgetful fidelity to his sensations that matters. But, whatever light he flashes on it, the fundamental truth remains, and it is only in its name that the barren struggle of contradictions assumes the dignity of moral strife going on ceaselessly to a mysterious end—with our consciousness powerless but concerned sitting enthroned like a melancholy parody of eternal wisdom above the dust of the contest.

WE review in this issue Mr. Caine's *Eternal City*. The incorrigible wag of *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* has written a "pocket version" of the story. Here are some extracts:

#### PROLOGUE

On a doorstep in Soho crouched a little Italian boy with an accordion and a monkey. As is usual in such cases, it was Christmas Eve and the boy had lost his way. He was hungry and homeless, and it was snowing as it never does on December 24 in real life. He moved further into the limelight and prepared to die. At that moment an Italian refugee Doctor fell over him.

"Corpo di Bacco!" he cried.

He looked at the boy closely.

"Italiano?" asked the Doctor.

"Sì Signore."

It was enough. He led him into the house, where they were met by Roba, his tiny daughter.

"Oo a boy?" she asked.

He smiled.

"Oo me brudder?"

He paled.

"Oo lub me?"

"This is rather sudden," he managed to gasp.

So are destinies moulded.

#### BOOK II.—BONA ROBA.

##### II.

Bona Roba was a type of the fair lady who has appeared in the history of every nation since the days of Helen of Troy—one of those exquisite creatures whose lovely eyes and rosy mouth exercise a function in the State. This is as broad a hint as one can give in a ladies' magazine, without losing serial rights.

But Bona Roba's diplomatic wit and influence were alike exploded before our story begins: you will find no trace of them here.

She had raven hair worn over the forehead, a golden complexion and violet eyes—a curious blend.

#### BOOK V.—LOVE.

##### I.

Bona Roba was notorious in Rome, but she had but to tell the Hon. Rossi that Rome was mistaken, and he believed it. Then they went fox-hunting together.

"Oo lub me?" he said as the night fell wonderfully over the old Campagna.

The words awakened in her a memory—Soho, a cold night, a little Italian boy, an accordion, a monkey.

She saw it all.

It was Fate.

#### BOOK VII.—THE VATICAN.

##### II.

"Eminence," said the Pope one day to the chief of his staff, "may I have a word with you?"

"Holiness, you may."

"Eminence, is there any reason why a Pope, before he becomes Pope, should not have a wife and a family?"

"Holiness, none whatever. But it is not usual."

"Eminence, I thank you."

##### III.

At that moment a ring was heard at the Vatican door.

"What is it, Eminence?"

"Holiness, the army wish to come in."

"I will go to them," said the Pontiff.

He slowly descended, and standing on the doorstep, bade the army enter and do its worst.

Not a man but wept, and, flinging aside his arms, fled away.

#### BOOK IX.—MRS. GRUNDY.

##### I.

And Bona Roba? Alas! Young women who misbehave with Prime Ministers cannot be let off by Manx moralists. She died young.

AN educational establishment is to be opened shortly in London, with the object of making the study of Russian both easy and pleasant. Hitherto, those wishing to acquire the language have had to take the usual course of lessons or reside for a time in Russia, the latter course being expensive and inconvenient to many. The new establishment for resident students will supply all the advantages of a Russian home, without certain of its inconveniences. It will give the student opportunities to converse in Russian, and will familiarise him in a practical manner with such Russian customs as would be helpful should he ultimately have to travel or reside in Russia. A house in the Anerley-road, Upper Norwood (facing the Crystal Palace), has been secured for the purpose by a Russian family which has had educational experience in Russia. Qualified native teachers will be resident in the house; all attendants, too, will be Russians, whilst the management of the house will be in the hands of an English lady. Regular courses of readings, musical and literary recitals, and other entertainments and games, will be organised, everything to be performed in Russian. Several collections characteristic of Russian art, industry, ethnography, etc., have already been acquired, and certain rooms will be fitted up in Muscovite style. There will also be a Russian library of classical authors, and current periodical papers and magazines. It

is intended to receive resident students on the ordinary terms of a good boarding-house, extra charges to be made only in case individual tuition is required.

A CONTEMPORARY comments upon the fact that the libraries have declared that any novels which they circulate must have their edges cut all round. We are entirely with the libraries. The reasons which hold good with other uncut books do not, save in the rarest instances, apply to novels. Most novels, to say the least, are ephemeral, and are not likely to need rebinding. It has always appeared to us most unwise in publishers to issue uncut fiction, and it is certainly unfair to young and unknown writers. The book which one likes to cut and linger over in the process is not the novel; and, after all, the value of novels to the bookseller cannot be much affected either way. It is a question which public convenience should decide, and there is no doubt that the public prefers its light literature cut.

EVERYTHING nowadays comes under the eye of the specialist—tailors go to the Academy to criticise pictures, and genealogists pick holes in novels. Mr. Anthony Hope, it appears, according to a writer in the *Genealogical Magazine*, went to an actual case in the Peerage books for the groundwork of *Tristram of Blent*, but failed to understand just why his hero was illegitimate. It is a nice point, but Mr. Hope's genealogy and law are near enough for the ordinary reader.

MESSRS BELL are to publish this month a biography and study of Professor Hubert von Herkomer, by Mr. A. L. Baldry. The volume is to contain sixteen photogravure plates and about ninety half-tone blocks, and will be bound in a cover specially designed by Professor Herkomer. The price of the ordinary edition is fixed at three guineas, that of a large paper edition, with duplicate plates on India paper, at five guineas. All the latter are already sold.

WE have received from Messrs. Blackwood the fifth and sixth volumes of their "Warwick Edition" of George Eliot, consisting of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Silas Marner*.

## Bibliographical.

I NOTE that Miss Edna Lyall's new novel, *In Spite of All* (embodying, I presume, the same story as that of her recent drama so-named), is to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Miss Lyall issued her *Doreen* (1894), her *Way-faring Men* (1897), and her *Hope the Hermit* (1898) through Messrs. Longman, who had previously published her *Autobiographies of a Truth* (1886) and of a *Slander* (1887). Her *Derrick Vaughan* (1889) is in Messrs. Methuen's list, and some minor things of hers have the imprint of W. & R. Chambers, J. Clarke, and Simpkin. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett were, however, Miss Lyall's first publishers, and still issue the best known of her fictions. These, I take it, are *Donovan* (1882), *We Two* (1884), *In the Golden Days* (1885), *Won by Waiting* (1886), *Knight Errant* (1887), *The Hardy Norseman* (1889), and *To Right the Wrong* (1893). These seven novels, by the way, were brought out by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, in uniform style and in a case, so recently as 1900.

In the current *British Weekly* "Claudius Clear" quotes the following lines by Anna Seward:

Come that I may not hear the winds of night,  
Nor count the heavy eave-drops as they fall.

"My belief," he remarks, "is not only that these are

Tennysonian lines, but that they are the only Tennysonian lines before Tennyson. This is a bold thing to say." It is; and it implies a limited acquaintance with English poetry. Long ago, for instance, was it pointed out that in the old tragedy of "Gorboduc" there are at least two lines quite quaintly Tennysonian both in style and sentiment:

For right will always live, and rise at length,  
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

The subject, however, is too large to be disposed of in a paragraph.

The "Cloister Library" of Messrs. Dent is really a good idea, and one is glad to see that it is to contain a reprint of Digby's *Broad Stone of Honour*, which is well worthy of reproduction, but has not been reprinted for many years. Welcome also will be the resuscitation of Sir Arthur Helps's *Cloister and the Crowd* and *Companions of My Solitude*. Of the former there was a cheap reprint in 1883. The latter reached its tenth edition in 1885. Both are deserving of revival. In the "Temple Library" Reade's *Peg Woffington* is to be included. It looks as if it were going to be accepted definitely as a "classic." Into their "Little Library" Messrs. Methuen will introduce Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* and Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. Both works are accessible, but the first of the two has yet to be popularised, as, no doubt, it now will be.

A selection from the writings of James Anthony Froude, such as Messrs. Longman announce, should find a large public, the more especially as it is to be part and parcel of the Silver Library. The thing ought to have been done before, and one wonders why no one thought of it. Books of this class are, of course, "snippets" and unsatisfying, but they do good when they send the reader to the works which have been drawn upon. The list of prose "selections" extant is now a long one. Thackeray, Charles Reade, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold—these are among the first that occur to one as having successively survived this process, always very trying to an author. Books of "gems" and "sayings," "wit and humour," and so forth, are, of course, on a different plane, though not without uses of their own.

The Mr. John Buchan who has been appointed secretary to Lord Milner is, it seems, the young Oxford man who, during the last five or six years, has been so fertile in literary production. Mr. Buchan already has to his credit the following works of fiction: *Sir Quixote of the Moors* (1895), *Scholar Gipsies* (1896), *John Burnet of Barns* (1898), *A Lost Lady of Old Years* (1899), *Grey Weather: Moorland Tales* (1899), and *Half-Hearted* (1900). We also owe to this writer a book on Brazenose College (1898), and *Musa Piscatrix* (1896), one of the Bodley anthologies. (Where are those anthologies now?) I presume, too, that the Stanhope Essay on Sir Walter Raleigh (1897) and the Newdigate Prize poem on the Pilgrim Fathers (1898) are from Mr. Buchan's pen.

This month's "new writer" in the *Bookman* is Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is so far from being new that his first book—*Almayer's Folly*—appeared in 1895. Since then we have had his *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896), *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (1897), *Tales of Unrest* (1898), *Lord Jim* (1900), and, with Mr. F. M. Hueffer, *The Inheritors* (1901). If the enterprising conductor of the *Bookman* could not think of any really "new" writer, why did he not "discover" one? There is a lot of latent genius in Scotland!

I have commented before now on the interchange of titles going on between the novelists and the dramatists. I see that Mr. W. Le Queux proposes to call his new romance *The Court of Honour*, which is the name of a clever and interesting play produced a few years ago at the Royalty Theatre. Then I see that Mr. G. W. Cable has written a story called *The Cavalier*, which makes one think at once of "The Cavalier" of Charles Whitehead.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

### Florence and Dante.

*The Two First Centuries of Florentine History.* By Prof. Pasquale Villari. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

*An English Commentary on Dante's "Divina Commedia."* By Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.)

THIS cheap edition of Prof. Villari's essays in Florentine history, for which we have had to wait so long, is still more than 15 per cent. dearer than the original Italian edition, published eight years ago, that is, the English demand for a work of this kind is one-fifth of the Italian, or the publisher in this country will not work except at a much larger profit than satisfies his Italian *confrère*, or the price of the English version was put up to nearly five times that of the original (accurately, the ratio is 8 lire to 30s.) in the hope that if the first harvest failed the aftermath would more than make up for any loss on the venture. Whatever the explanation—and the above alternatives by no means exhaust them—the poor student is too often rewarded for his unusual taste by being compelled to defer purchase until the work has lost its first freshness.

Fortunately, the value of Prof. Villari's researches in Italian archives has not, as the indebtedness of Dante experts show, been diminished by later work, although the first essay appeared in the Milan *Politecnico* so far back as 1866; indeed, we may securely accept the author's statement that the many monographs, dissertations, and treatises born since these lectures were first delivered not only do not weaken his arguments, but not infrequently corroborate them. Although the essays have been written during a period extending over a quarter of a century, and each is complete in itself, yet collected they form a coherent whole, and present, competently and vividly, many aspects of the Republic and Parties at the time of Dante. If occasionally the language is diffuse, and sometimes tautological, we are not sure that it is not a gain, remembering how intricate the problem is, the most intricate, perhaps, ever set the scientific historian—the causes which led to the rise and dominance of Florence.

As the author's intention is to get behind the phenomena which appealed to contemporary diarists and chroniclers, he is necessarily concerned with the philosophy and interpretation of events rather than with their portrayal; but, for all that, the reader will find his interest in the chronicler historians, like Villani and Campagni, sharpen as his insight into the forces controlling the political revolution deepens. Villani's story is too fascinating, his manner too charming for us ever to consent to his neglect, were he ten times more inaccurate, and his causal conceptions a hundred times more childish; in point of fact, he is an invaluable authority when treating of his own times. Had the modern historian no need of him the student of the Comedy would be in sorry case could he not illuminate many a trenchant and brief phrase in the poem by Villani's or Campagni's brightly quaint descriptions. Compare, for instance, Dante's reference to the Buondelmonte tragedy—"O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti le nozze sue per gli altrui comforti," ("O Buondelmonte, how ill thou fledst its marriage at another's suggestion") with Villani's; in the latter one reads how Buondelmonte, on Easter Day, 1215, returning from his nuptials, elegantly attired, with a wreath on his head, and riding a white horse, was slain, at the foot of the statue of Mars, by the friends of the lady he had abandoned, and how this was the cause of the wretched Ghibelline and Guelf factions, although long before there were disputes among the nobles, and these disputes existed because the Church and Empire were at variance. Commendation is,

however, superfluous. "Giovanni Villani," writes the author, "with his incomparable gift of observation, supplies such minute descriptions of events, reports so many details, that, almost unawares, we find ourselves carried back to his day. Sometimes, when descending to particulars, he apologises for detaining the reader on topics of small moment, little foreseeing what value we later generations would attach to all those details of the trade, instruction, revenue, and expenditure of the Republic, or how we should long for more facts of the same kind."

Prof. Villari hints at his own ideal in distinguishing between the work of the historian and the philosophic interpretation of the age of which he treats:

The genius of the historian emits, as it were, flashes of light; but these, while illuminating some occasional point, only leave a confused and uncertain view of past ages in our mind. We require to know men and institutions, parties and laws, as they really were. Nor is this enough; we must also comprehend how all these elements were fused into unity, and how laws and institutions were begotten by these men in those times.

We do not think any philosophy of history will ever succeed in fusing all these elements into one. There is no golden rule for connecting events nor for distinguishing between immediate and essential causes, nor, again, for detecting—a most important matter—whether the cause of an event is simple or complex. The interpreter of history selects from the whole body of documents just those facts which seem sufficient to make up a causal system; even then he is driven to transform some of the records, to ignore others, and ultimately he depends on his intuition to help him to string together his events so that there shall seem no unnatural break in their succession. Prof. Villari's theory compels acceptance because it is competent to describe the phenomena—political, social, and commercial. But we are still left asking, as we close this volume, with its tremendous array of facts and demonstrations, why Florence became pre-eminent in art and letters at the close of the fourteenth century. An excellent *a priori* demonstration could be made out from the data given in this volume, that Florence was poorer, artistically, at the close of the fourteenth century than London at the beginning of the twentieth. Briefly, in the following passage the author suggests the difficult problem, well-nigh insoluble, which the philosophic historian has to solve:

The vicissitudes of the Florentine Republic can only be paralleled with those of the most flourishing periods of Athenian freedom. Throughout modern history we might seek in vain the example of another city simultaneously so turbulent and prosperous, where, despite so much internecine carnage, fine arts, letters, commerce, and industry all flourished equally. The historian almost doubts his own veracity when bound to recount how a handful of men settled on a small spot of earth, extended their trade to the East and the West, establishing banks throughout Europe, and accumulated such vast wealth that private fortunes sometimes sufficed to support tottering thrones. He has also to relate how these merchants founded modern poetry with their Dante, painting with their Giotto; how with the aid of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi, and of their Michaelangelo, who was poet, painter, sculptor, and architect in one, they raised the stupendous buildings which the world will lastingly admire. The first and subtlest of European diplomatists were Florentines: political science and civil history were born in Florence with Machiavelli. Towards the end of the Middle Ages this narrow township seems a small point of fire shedding light over the whole world.

Much of the political and social history of Florence can be shown to be a natural outcome of its geographical position. Florence is in a valley, girdled by hills studded with castles, at that time the strongholds of Teutonic knights, left over from the Lombard and Frank invasions; these knights used to raid the Florentines' lands

and levy blackmail on the merchants passing along the great trade routes. Here, then, we have a barbaric society brought into conflict with a city of artisans. The history of that conflict begins about 1100, and ends with the passing of the Enactments of Justice—the Florentine Magna Charta—in 1283, when, politically, the nobles lost every vestige of their power. Whilst Florence was peculiar in the form of its struggle, every important Commune in Italy had to determine whether the lower or higher society should become dominant. This race conflict and contact is the real significance of the Guelph and Ghibelline contentions. But this struggle for supremacy may be interpreted in other ways: it may be regarded as a fusion of Roman law with a Feudal code; or, better still, as the building of a Roman edifice on Germanic foundation; or as a result of the Emperor and Pope both striving for temporal power. After the battle of Campaldino the nature of the conflict changes. The fat burghers (*popolani grassi*) became arrogant, and resisted the efforts of the ever-growing populace to obtain political representation, and they were always opposed to the members of the lesser guilds. This is the real origin of the Bianchi and Neri factions. Guelph and Ghibelline have ceased to be significant terms. Class distinctions within the walls does what racial hate had been unable to do; it undermines the power of Florence, and prepares it for the Medici. The history of the collapse of this wonderful Commune is only hinted at in this volume. Before giving in one word the causes which brought about the collapse of the Communes, or which prevented the Communes from giving birth to the State without first becoming principalities, and the prey of despots with mercenary troops, we desire to leave this glowing description on the reader's mind of what was happening in Florence at the moment of her greatness and the beginning of her fall:

Every page of the Chronicles records the undertakings of very important public works—the erection of city squares, canals, bridges, and walls; and simultaneously with these the most enduring monuments of modern art were springing up from the ground. During the same period Arnolfo di Cambio worked on the Baptistery, began the church of Santa Croce, and, according to the chroniclers, received from the Signory a solemnly worded order to reconstruct the old cathedral from the foundations by erecting a new one “of the most magnificent the mind of man could conceive, rendering it worthy of a heart expanded to much greatness by the union of many spirits in one.” Undoubtedly it was then that Arnolfo laid the first stone of the fane considered by many the finest church in the world. At the same time, a great number of monumental buildings and public works were being also carried on: Santo Spirito, for instance, Orsanmichele, and Santa Maria Novella. In 1299 Arnolfo likewise began the Palace of the Signoria, another marvel of modern architecture, that seems to be so thoroughly in character with the Republic and expressive of the youthful vigour then animating the Florentine people. In the same year the construction of new walls suspended since 1285 was also resumed. . . . What, too, are the names most frequently occurring in the records of those times amid the struggles promoting or following the Enactments of Justice? At every turn among the Priors, the Gonfaloniers and ambassadors, or at hot debates in Council, we meet with Dante Alighieri, Brunetto Latini, Giovanni Villani, Dino Compagni, and Guido Cavalcante, the creators of Italian poetry and prose.

The methods of war after Campaldino began to change; the citizen soldier gave place to the trained mercenary horseman, who hired himself, regardless of the cause for which he was to fight, to the best paymaster. Soldiering became a profession. Another fact hastened the passing of the Commune: myopia of the magnates, who withheld from the clamouring populace those civil privileges, devotion to which in the past had enabled them to overcome every obstacle to wealth and fame.

The two concluding essays, on Dante's exile and Henry

VII., need not delay us, as the story has been told more than once, quite recently, in Dante text-books. In closing the book we ask ourselves the question: What is the seed which, in a democracy of free institutions, will in time effloresce into art and letters and political wisdom? It is a question of first importance to the State democracies of England and America.

Mr. Tozer's volume on the Comedy is a very serviceable and carefully compiled commentary; the fact that Mr. Paget Toynbee read the proof-sheets, and that the text followed is Dr. Moore's, is a warrant of its accuracy, and of the currency of its conclusions. Attention is constantly called to the metre, grammar, and archaic words—to mention unusual features first—and the difficult lines are paraphrased or translated; the allusions, and every serious difficulty in topography and chronology receive concise, but generally adequate, explanation. We regret that, since the aim was “to make Dante's meaning clear to the reader of his poem,” he did not let slip into the volume a few diagrams, tables, maps, and plans—why, for instance, is there no plan of Florence and no map of Italy?—occasional reproductions, and an index. As a commentary is at best a necessary evil, and as this particular one lays no claim to originality or research, no efforts should have been spared to tone down its harshness, and make the whole volume more attractive.

In the matter of interpretation, where the meaning cannot be determined by appeal to documents, or where the principle of explaining Dante by Dante does not conclusively close the controversy, the reader will reserve judgment. As only six pages on an average can be given to a canto each *luogo oscuro* can receive but one explanation, and that necessarily the one which commends itself to the author. This method of annotating, none the less misleading because inevitable: it binds the author over to a dogmatism which might really be alien to his nature. As we turned over the leaves, and our eyes caught a word or phrase which recalled many a dubious conflict, we thought surely here the author will give a sign; but no, rarely was a sign given that there had been a conflict at all, and if the alert reader occasionally suspects a difference in interpretation he will be convinced by the time he has worked through the commentary that every battle is either won or lost:

If divine justice (*nostra*, as it appears to us in Heaven) seems to men to be unjust, this is an argument in favour, not of unbelief, but of belief (because it shows that God's judgments are incomprehensible, and therefore should be accepted without questioning).

Who would suspect that the above is an explanation of a passage for which, so far, no entirely satisfactory explanation has been given, and we would ask how many are there who will credit Dante with such a banal thought? This is by no means an isolated example: it is a pity that the device of enclosing within square brackets was not adopted, as an indication that one out of many explanations had been chosen. For another kind of interpretation which we cannot classify in a few words, but which we advise the young student diligently to scrutinise before accepting, we select the following:

“Wherefore I confer on thee plenary jurisdiction over thyself.” The two words *corono* and *mitrio* are used to strengthen by repetition the force of the expression. No doubt they contain a reference to the Imperial and Papal crowns as being emblems of the two supreme powers which governed the world; but they must not be regarded as implying that Virgil conferred on Dante self-government in spiritual as well as temporal matters; to do this would be beyond his powers, and a usurpation of the function of Beatrice, who was Dante's spiritual guide. Consequently all reference to religious belief, and even to religious life, in *mitrio* must be excluded; and if anything is intended by the passage beyond the simple meaning which has been



given above, it can hardly be more than that *corno* should refer to conduct and *mitrio* to conscience; and even this seems doubtful.

Most of this note is entirely irrelevant; the simple facts of the case are that, as Dante is now purified from all his sins, he assumes the state which Adam enjoyed before his expulsion from Eden. In other words, now that his judgment is free, right, and healthy ("Libero, dritto e sano è tuo arbitrio") he is entirely outside the jurisdiction of Pope or Emperor. That Dante used the words *corono* and *mitrio* deliberately is evident from a sentence in the *De Monarchia* (Bk. iii., chap. iv.), which says in effect that if man had remained in the state of innocence in which he had been made by God he would have had no need of either imperial or ecclesiastical guidance. There is, therefore, no attempt on the part of Virgil to invade Beatrice's domain, and had Mr. Tozer been content to explain Dante by Dante he would not assuredly have subtracted from the exquisite beauty of Virgil's final charge, nor detracted from the full significance of the lines by such enervating criticism.

### The Chariot of Aminadab.

*S. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines.* By Rose Graham. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)

THE only religious order of English origin was founded in the reign of Stephen. It was distinguished particularly by the attempt to combine in a single community members of the two sexes, as had been done in the Order of St. Benedict, according to its primitive institution. The relations between the canons and nuns are fitly symbolised by the plan upon which the churches were built. A wall ran down the middle of the nave, parting the men from the women—a wall five feet thick.

The wall was high enough to prevent the men and women from seeing each other, but it did not reach to the roof, that the women might hear High Mass, celebrated daily at canons' altar by two or three canons chosen by the Prior, and the sermon preached on feast days. A few feet from the east end stood the door in the dividing wall, which was opened for the processions, in which the whole community took part on the fourteen great festivals of the Order. Just beyond the door was the turn-table window of the communion, through which the canons passed the chalice and restored it to their care when Mass was over. [One would have supposed that the primary use of the window of communion would have been the administration of communion.] The window of confession . . . was of "the length of the finger and hardly of a thumb in breadth," and was protected by an iron plate.

The rule was based for the canons mainly on that of St. Augustine, and for the women on that of St. Benedict; to all," adds John Capgrave, the original biographer of the founder, "was offered the example of Christ and His saints." The national spirit of puritanism outcrops in the regulations of life and conduct peculiar to the order. Prioresses, and all others who cut the garments of the canons, shall "take care that neither cloaks, tunics, nor cowls touch the ground by their exceeding length, because he who boasts himself in this kind of garment is, without doubt, reprobate of God." Even the horses were docked of their tails and manes. "He who writes letters shall write simply, and, above all, shall avoid the vanity of profound and swelling words." Well, that, anyway, is very good puritanism. Organs and every kind of chant were prohibited. Like the Cistercians, the Gilbertines had no sculpture or "superfluous" pictures in their churches; nor was a multitude of lights permitted, save on the feast of the Purification or Candlemas, and at the office of Tenebrae, in what Miss Graham (following Sir Henry Irving) calls Passion Week.

The Order found favour with Henry II., who granted it his charters as "free and special alms." And his pro-

tection was invoked against aggressors. Such, for instance, was that Agnes de Vesey who, "with a great number of women and dogs and other things," insisted on making a hostel of the house at Watton. Anyway, she was a sporting lady whose importance rendered necessary an appeal to the royal patron; and he ordered the sheriff to approach her in person and admonish her to find another hunting lodge. With the Roman Pontiffs, too, did the sons of St. Gilbert find favour. Thus, when in the evil days of John Plantagenet the land lay under an interdict, they were permitted to recite their office and celebrate mass as usual, save only that it must be without ringing of bells, in low voices, and within closed doors. Their modest high-water mark of prosperity was reached in the reign of Edward I. The sons and daughters of the nobility enriched the houses of the Order which they entered; money bought from the needy king the right to acquire lands and churches, the Statute of Mortmain notwithstanding; and the wool trade, in which it was greatly interested, flourished. Then, partly in consequence of the encroachments of greedy neighbours, a decline set in. Here is an unpleasant sidelight on the dark side of mediæval life:

In 1337 fifty men broke into the Priory of St. Margaret at Marlborough, and burnt the trees and timber there. In 1316 the Priory of St. Catherine, Lincoln, lost "by hunger" the greater part of five hundred sheep, which were driven out of the close. In 1330 certain knights broke the banks of the fishery at Haverholme, so that the water which flowed to the priory mills ran out through the breaches and flooded three hundred acres of meadow.

In 1348 half the representatives of the Order perished from the epidemic known as the Black Death. And the gaps in its ranks were never afterwards filled up. When the days of pillage came, the Gilbertine houses were indeed spared in the earlier raid, though only four of them could show the statutory income of over £200 a year. When, later, the greater houses also were doomed, the Gilbertines melted rather ingloriously away. They furnished no martyr to the cause of ecclesiastical liberty. Only we read of the Prioress of Ambresbury that

she rested and so remaineth in these terms: "If the king's highness command me to go from this house I will gladly go, though I beg my bread; and as for pension, I care for none."

The canons of Sempringham slavishly wrote:

Know that by unanimous assent and consent, with deliberate purpose, with certain knowledge and free impulse for some just and reasonable causes, being especially moved by our minds and consciences, we have of our own will and desire granted the Priory of Sempringham to our most illustrious prince and lord, Henry VIII., Supreme Head of the English Church.

It is hardly matter for wonder if, while Black Friars, Grey Friars, White Friars, Monks of St. Benedict, flourish again in the twentieth century, no attempt has been made to revive the only English Order.

The man to whose initiative the Order owed its inception was an English squire, and by his personal peculiarities might have furnished the text for one of Nietzsche's diatribes against the Slave. By some personal deformity he was rendered repulsive even to the servants in his father's hall. In his youth he showed no great aptitude for learning; nevertheless, he was sent abroad, and studied at Paris in the days when Abelard was the rival of William of Champeaux. Upon his return he received at his father's hands the benefices of Sempringham and West Torrington, and at once, according to his biographer, began to devote himself to the education of the boys and girls of those parishes, and to the practices of personal piety. His reputation for sanctity was presently spread abroad, and he was able to sacrifice to the Lord seven virgins whom he kept safe under lock and key for



the Heavenly Bridegroom. In the form into which it ultimately grew, the Order is likened by this biographer to the chariot of Aminadab, "having four wheels: two of men, clerk and lay; and two of women, lettered and unlettered." Gilbert died in 1188 at the age of a hundred years, leaving behind him nine chariots of four wheels and four of two—that is, houses of canons and lay brothers only. Upon the evidence of numerous miracles he was raised to the altars of the Church in 1201.

As to the manner in which Miss (?) Graham has carried out her task, it may be said that, great as are the pains she has bestowed upon it, they are less than would be necessary to an exhaustive work. Many of the houses, or their remains, she admits she has been unable to visit, and for information regarding them has been compelled to fall back on "courteous help" from local correspondents. Yet even so she appears to have been unable to make the best use of the matter to her hand, so that the book is heavy, not to say tedious, reading. Her ideas, too, of the Catholic liturgy are loose: no writer acquainted with the service books, for instance, would talk of the night office as vigils, or the *hebdomada major* as Passion Week, or imply, as she seems to imply, in a passage quoted above, that the nuns received communion under both species.

### A Teacher with Many Texts.

*Robert Browning as a Religious Teacher: Being the Burney Essay for 1900.* By Arthur Cecil Pigou. (Clay & Sons.)

It is hard to give a coherent account of a philosopher's philosophy, but it is harder to give any account at all of a poet's.

I shut myself in with my soul,  
And the shapes come eddying forth,

wrote Rossetti. Browning also shut himself in with his soul, "and the shapes [came] eddying forth," for, as a brilliant Irishman put it, he ranks as a creator of character "next to him who made Hamlet." But the creator of character is in essence the novelist, and such a man is, in proportion to the greatness of his art, elusive and undiscoverable. And so Mr. Pigou found it easier to gain the Burney prize than to fasten a lens over the ultimate Browning; of the shapes he possibly missed not one, but the shaper remained aloof.

Another Robert has stated that his namesake "thundered" a negative when asked if he was a Christian. In that response he was, no doubt, anti-dogmatic rather than anti-Christian. Sympathy with Christianity is, as Mr. Pigou suggests, implied by the bare fact that he has dramatically created St. John, David, and others who were "presumably believers in the Gospel story." Indeed, Mr. Pigou glides into the view that, "for practical purposes, he accepted the main doctrines of Christianity." "Practical!" It is an admirable paradox that so solid an adjective should so often be at the service of ambiguity.

It is certain that, as a poet, Browning needed beautiful conceptions. Christianity gave him the conception of God martyred of His own will by man as an atonement for the sins of man. In the crucible of the poet:

The agony in the Garden expands throughout the ages, and becomes a

"divine instance of self-sacrifice  
Which never ends and aye begins for man."

The face of the Crucified stirs from the fixed point that has been assigned to it in time, and, soaring beyond the range of historical criticism, neither falters before the gaze of philosophy, nor dwindles across the darkness, but

"rather grows,  
Or decomposes but to recompose,  
Become my universe that feels and knows."

Obviously, if such ideas were to be labelled "Browning's Philosophy," his reputation as an optimist should sink low. There is nothing really more repugnant to optimism of the purest type than the idea of God in pain. If the Heart of the Universe suffer for the world's sin, how callous must the world be that is all "right." But Browning was an optimist, and we may be pretty certain that a God in pain was not a stationary vision in his mind. Of evil and good he had the confused notions resulting from the inexorable prejudices of the flesh. He would not believe in a black that white could not disintensify, and the only hell he allotted mortals was the inevitable detention in grosser moulds due to their unfitness for finer ones. Heaven, he seems, in "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau," to have figured as an equivalent of an unquiet Nirvana:

The thunder-glow from pole to pole  
Abolishing, a blissful moment space,  
Great cloud alike and small cloud, in one fire.

To seek truth is, in his opinion, more important than to find it. We must

... shake  
This torpor of assurance from our creed

Our agnostical age may smile wanly at that. But to shake off assurance is not to shake off hope. That is strong in Browning; it has, like the sea-mew, of another poet:

Wide eyes that weary never,  
And wings that search the sea.

We note that "La Saisiaz" and "A Beauséjour" are among the poems to which Mr. Pigou has most frequent recourse. His little book is intelligent, though necessarily rather futile. We part with it not without some "private smiling" for thinking of Mr. Alfred Austin's admonition of 1870: "Let the sane general public take heart and bluntly forswear Mr. Browning and all his works," lest they incur "the misery of living in an age which gibbeted itself beforehand for the pity of posterity, by deliberately calling a man a poet who . . . is not specifically a poet at all." Fortunately, Mr. Pigou has called him in his title "a religious teacher."

### The Return of the Jews.

*Menasseh Ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell.* Edited by Lucien Wolf. (Macmillan.)

AMONG the volumes dealing with quaint by-paths of history there are few more curious than those published for the Jewish Historical Society of England. The Return of the Jews to England has fascinated others besides Mr. Lucien Wolf, to whom we owe this reprint of the pamphlets published by Menasseh Ben Israel to promote the re-admission of the Jews to England in 1649-1656. The book has been edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. Lucien Wolf, and is illustrated by some excellent reproductions of portraits of the great Jewish writer and diplomatist. The tracts have been printed in facsimile; not reproduced by any photographic process, but entirely reset in types similar to those employed in the original. Mr. Wolf's introduction will naturally be found by the general reader to be the most interesting part of the book, and it represents what is the last word, at any rate for the present, in the matter by the light of fifteen years' study and investigation.

The Jews, who came into England with the Normans, were expelled by Edward I. in 1290, and for two centuries and more this country was to them little more than a bitter memory. Then, when the Jews were also expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, the people wandered all over the earth, to those countries in which they were

tolerated. But they left behind them in Spain and Portugal the less scrupulous remnant of their race—rich Jews, who were disinclined to make sacrifices for the faith of their fathers, and who accepted the terms of the Inquisition rather than abandon their wealth. But their conversion to Christianity was only simulated, and for two centuries they preserved in secret their allegiance to Judaism. These Iberian Crypto-Jews—or Marranos, as they were called—fought the Jesuits with their own weapons, and then “the Jewish blood and the Jewish heresy became distributed all over the peninsula, and crept into the highest ranks of the nation. The Court, the Church, the army, even the dread tribunals of the Holy Office itself, were not free from the taint.” At a very early epoch the Marranos reached England, and we hear of them almost immediately after the expulsion from Spain figuring in a lawsuit in London. A Marrano, Roderigo Lopes, was Court Physician to Queen Elizabeth, and the original of Shakespeare’s Shylock. The Reformation in England first turned Jewish eyes towards the land from which they had been so long excluded. “They were especially interested by Henry VIII’s appeal to Jewish scholars during his conflict with the Papacy in regard to his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Still more deeply must their feelings have been stirred by Elizabeth’s struggle with Spain. All over Europe, indeed, the Jewish sympathies were with Elizabeth.”

But what chiefly attracted the Jews was the increasing Hebraism of English religious thought, as represented by the Puritan movement; and when the Commonwealth, with its pronounced Judaical tendencies, emerged from this movement, the more mystical Jews began to dream of the Golden Age, and the more practical to see that the time had arrived when it might be reasonably hoped to obtain the revocation of Edward I.’s edict of banishment. Towards the end of 1655 the question of the re-admission of the Jews was brought to a climax by Menasseh Ben Israel’s famous mission to Oliver Cromwell:

The evolution of English thought which rendered Menasseh Ben Israel’s enterprise possible is of considerable complexity, but its main features are easily distinguishable. The idea of religious liberty in England was due, in its broader aspects, to the struggle between the Baptists and the Calvinists. The Reformation established only a restricted form of religious liberty, and it was not until the Baptists found themselves persecuted as the Reformers had been before them that the cry arose for a liberty of conscience that would embrace all religions. In the Separatist Churches founded by English refugees in Amsterdam and Geneva, the idea grew and strengthened. The earliest noteworthy tract on the subject—Leonard Prosper’s “Religious Peace; or, a Plea for Liberty of Conscience,” published in 1614—was written under the influence of these exiles, and it is noteworthy that already in that work the extension of religious liberty to the Jews was specifically demanded. Amsterdam was at that time the seat of a flourishing Jewish community, some of whose members came into contact with the philo-Jewish refugees. In this way they probably learned to understand the political significance of the successive rises of the Puritans and Independents, for at the very beginning of the Civil War the Royalist spies in Holland noted that the Jews sympathised with the Republicans, and even alleged that they had offered them “considerable sums of money to carry on their designs.”

Thus it was that the way was paved for Menasseh Ben Israel’s mission, which was also helped by the fact that there were few men in England whose minds had not been influenced by Messianic and other mystical beliefs. Menasseh himself was the son of a Marrano of Lisbon who had suffered at the hands of the Inquisition, and had, as a result, taken up his abode in Amsterdam. Menasseh was ordained a Rabbi at eighteen, and became a mine of learning, an accomplished linguist, a fluent writer, and a notable preacher. His attainments made a considerable noise in

the world at a time when public attention was riveted on Biblical prophecy, and the question of its fulfilment, through the Jews. A solution of the Jewish question was arrived at towards the end of 1656, which to Menasseh Ben Israel was a compromise of a purely selfish nature, for it left his idea of a proclamation of a free asylum to the persecuted and scattered remnants of Israel as remote as ever. However, it seemed to the local Marranos all they required, and as it disturbed little, it enabled the Jews to survive the fall of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was indebted to the Jews, and he refused to expel them again, and so the agitation against them died down, and they were allowed to remain. Mr. Wolf has produced a fascinating historical work, which is of interest not only to Jews, but to all students of English history.

## Other New Books.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

BY KENT CARR.

“The critics will not like it, but her public will, unless I am greatly mistaken, eagerly welcome it.” Thus the editor of the “Bijou Biographies,” introducing this book. We dare say he is right. Mr. Carr has sewn together a great number of published accounts of Miss Corelli’s life, ambitions, quarrels, adventures, and, above all, her mission. We really cannot pretend to criticise a book which, so far as it is a book at all, does not interest us. We see no earthly reason why Miss Corelli’s life should be written yet; and we object to the style of this premature effort. A photograph of two pages of *The Murder of Delicia*, found in the Boer trenches after the battle of Colenso, and bearing, it is alleged, the marks of shots and bloodstains, leaves us cold. The circumstance is, of course, interesting to Miss Corelli and her bodyguard of admirers.

We will make a little anthology of extracts from Mr. Carr’s book, which will help to fulfil the admitted destiny of the book—to annoy the critics and please the public.

That Hall Caine should have rejected that astounding production [*A Romance of Two Worlds*, which Mr. Caine “read” for Mr. Bentley] says nothing for his business capacity. A reader’s duty is to float the stuff which has the best marketable value, and not to pander to private literary predilections. It is easy enough to prophesy after the event, but it seems incredible that any man with average commercial instincts should have failed to perceive that in this young girl’s novel a very riot of saleable qualities lay to his hand.

By the way, Mr. Hall Caine’s business capacity has still some rather conspicuous supports left:

Milton, as we know, essayed to justify the ways of God to men by a great epic. It was by “a plain history of strange occurrences happening to oneself” that Miss Corelli sought to prove the actual certainty of a future state of being, and to clear up all knotty points on the subject of the Creation.

As Miss Corelli has been taken very seriously by her public, it is not surprising to read:

All sorts and conditions of people write to Miss Corelli. There are letters from Indian princes, addressed with a fine reverence to “one who is inspired with the truths of the Divine”; and curious communications from nites in the schoolroom, who have discovered with amazement that commiseration in their scholastic woes is to be had from a grown-up source. . . . She has received many appreciative letters from various Royal personages. But on this subject she exhibits a perhaps exaggerated sensitiveness.

We do not think that Miss Corelli’s hostile critics ought wantonly to make her seem tiresome or ridiculous. But this book is written by an admirer. (Drane. 1s.).

THE SAINTS AND MISSIONARIES OF  
THE ANGLO-SAXON ERA.BY THE REV.  
D. C. O. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams deserves thanks for this second series of his biographies of the Anglo-Saxon saints. Even those, and they are not many, who nowadays take an interest in hagiography probably know better the saints of any country and any period than our early Saxon saints. Nor is it quite surprising or blameworthy. Their names survive in many a church or township scattered over England; but even Mr. Adams has been able to discover very little about the careers of many, or, indeed, most of them. All the more we welcome what is knowable. St. Boniface, St. Dunstan, and the like, we know somewhat of. (Did not the latter perform a delightful, if apocryphal, exploit on the devil with a pair of tongues?) But St. Ives, for instance, we know solely as an indispensable rhyme in connection with cats and old wives. Here you shall find that, alas! he is "not historical," and a mere Persian bishop into the bargain, about whom nothing is known beyond the discovery of his body in the eleventh century. Not even Cornish, and nowise connected with kits or cats, or old wives—not even by the latter's traditional narrative capacity! But that is not Mr. Adams's fault. (Mowbray. 5s. net.)

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS.

BY R. L. OTTLEY.

This is a brief history of the Judaic kingdom such as has long been needed, wherein the Scriptural records are eked out and illustrated by the most recent results of archaeological research, and treated in the light of modern Scriptural criticism. It is a very able, symmetrical, clear, and well-informed volume, which forms an excellent companion and supplement to the Biblical narrative. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Ottley leans towards the so-called "Higher Criticism," and is disposed to adopt with a bold confidence some of the adventurous speculative conclusions of this and the archaeologists or archaeological writers who have treated Hebraic history. Therefore it will be well for the cool-headed and dispassionate student to maintain an open and somewhat critical mind in regard to his more conjectural though confidently stated views, since no school of Biblical criticism or archaeological research has reached within a measure of scientific surety. This caution apart, the book may be recommended with warm praise to the general student who wishes to understand the Bible narrative as it appears in the light of our recent ethnological, antiquarian, and historical discoveries. (Cambridge University Press. 5s.)

## Fiction.

*The Eternal City.* By Hall Caine.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is scarcely any sentiment more widespread among mankind than the feeling of revolt against injustice, a feeling which always includes a vague desire to set things right. It is almost the most facile of sentiments, transitory, feeble, and liable to be aroused by trifling and theatrical phenomena of distress, while callous to the appeal of a profound and universal wrong. One characteristic of the ignorant and superficial thinker is that injustice seems to him so unnecessary, foolish, and easily curable. Make him landlord, or magistrate, or legislator, or prime minister, or monarch, or God, and he would fix up Utopia in about a fortnight. His scheme is usually such a simple one that he wonders that no one else has ever hit on it. It comprises everything, allows for everything, adjusts everything—except human nature. On the other hand, the man who has acquired wisdom and prudence from history, who has learnt the extremely difficult arts of look-

ing a fact in the face, and of conquering the tyranny of his own emotions, hesitates long before even tentatively suggesting a social remedy. He is aware that Nature will not be hurried, and that an assemblage of legislators is as much within the dominion of Nature as the crowded florets on a dandelion. Above all, he knows that systems are an effect, never a cause. Intimidated by Nature's carelessness, cruelty, obstinacy, and her magnificent leisureliness, he is most probably content to sit and watch her, and to endure in silence the scorn of the neck-or-nothing reformer. We make these preliminary observations in order to throw a little light on the genesis of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel. It is not unfair to him to say that his consciousness of a mission to the world has deepened in proportion to the increase of his popularity as a novelist. Practically, he has been unable to refuse the world's invitation to him to take himself very seriously. Book by book, his tendency to teach righteousness grows more high-flown and grandiose. This tendency seems to be inseparable from sales in six figures: other striking instances of it are Emile Zola and Miss Marie Corelli. It must result, sooner or later, in an attempt to produce what is conveniently termed a "world-novel," a novel in which are presented supreme types, comprehensively significant, and of a universal symbolism. In the case of Mr. Hall Caine, it was of course necessary that he should surpass *The Christian*. He goes to Rome, or he happens to go to Rome—"the eternal city" of the popular preacher who rounds a period with the impressive phrase, "Ave Roma immortalis." What more suitable theatre for a sociological prophetic romance could be found? It is the religious centre of the occident, the grave of civilisations, the battlefield of two expiring forces, the Mecca of the artist, the archaeologist, and the historian; it is the goodness-knows-what! In short, it is the type-city. He seizes and fearlessly embraces it. The melodramatist in him selects by instinct the sheer melodrama of its history and its present situation, and uses it to give a picturesque life and movement to the dry bones of a social theory. And what is that social theory? It is the theory of a born sentimentalist who chances to be an industrious novelist. It is given to few men to be both novelist and publicist. And Mr. Hall Caine is certainly not both. Apart from his craft, he stands revealed as your ordinary social reformer. It is "the last day of the last month of the last year of the century" (no doubt 31st December, 1900) when the novel begins, and in a few years of propaganda, plot, counterplot, and insurrection, Italy—far more than Turkey "the sick man of Europe"—is cured of her ills. Bureaucracy is scotched; militarism is rooted out; vested interests are abandoned; inherited instincts are annihilated; the Pope abdicates temporal power (Can't you see him doing it?); the "young" King also abdicates temporal power, and the world city, pattern of all future cities, whose builder and maker is Mr. Hall Caine, comes into existence. And this proves that the pen is mightier than the sword; for the pen—at least, the novelist's pen—can force men to act in accordance with reason instead of in accordance with emotion—to think instead of to feel: a feat of which no large mixed body of men ever yet showed itself capable.

The main fact of the novel is so wildly impossible, so unthinkable, as to render any serious criticism of the book as a realistic study entirely supererogatory. There is no humanity in the work, no genuine observation of life. Sentimentality stalks through it on the stilts of obviousness. You cannot choose a single episode—from the first, of the Italian accordion-boy and his squirrel dying in a snowstorm under the portico of the great house in Soho-square, to the last, where the old gentleman, with a face "full of tenderness and a white head full of Jovian grandeur," stands in front of "a marble tomb which bears an inscription of one word only, *Volonna*"—which is not



both sentimental and melodramatic to the extremity of crudeness. In the invention of the heroine's name, Roma Volonna, all crudeness is comprised. The hero is such a hero as Mr. Wilson Barrett would play with *éclat* for three hundred nights. The incident, which frequently shows constructional ingenuity, is consistently theatrical. We will give one example, chosen at random from dozens we have noted:

She felt a sensation of swelling in her throbbing heart and rose up with shining eyes.

"Roma, I confess that when I escaped from the police I came here to avenge myself. They are following me, and I shall inevitably be taken. But if you tell me that it was only your love that led you to denounce me—your love, and nothing but your love—though I am betrayed and fallen, and may be banished or condemned to death—still . . ."

"I do say so! I do! I do!"

"Swear it, Roma."

"I swear. . ."

"The woman lies," said a voice behind them.

The Baron stood in the bedroom doorway.

Excellent old Baron, always ready for a crisis in the bedroom doorway. Even the venerable Pope is not allowed to abdicate without being convicted of youthful immorality. The chief villain is, of course, a *roué*. Listen:

"Let me pass," said the Baron.

"Not yet, sir," said Rossi, and he flung his soft hat on to the side table. "You have something to do before you go. The lives of men like you are insults to every man who has a mother, a daughter, or a wife, and before you leave this room you will go down on your knees and beg the pardon of your victim in the sacred name of Woman."

These two extracts will condemn the book more effectively than much analytic criticism. And if we multiplied them a hundredfold, as we could, their condemnation would not be more unanswerable.

Judged as an exercise in popularity, *The Eternal City* has the grave fault of being tedious. In the matter of narrative, Mr. Hall Caine has much to learn from Miss Marie Corelli. It was an error of discretion to set forth in full the ponderous correspondence of the hero and heroine and the proclamations of the reforming hero.

*Love and His Mask.* By M<sup>me</sup> Muriel Dowie.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Love and war are the themes of Mrs. Norman's new novel. She has chosen a larger canvas than in *The Crook of the Bough*, but the underlying motive of this clever story has not the significance of the former book. There she analysed the emotions of a Turk under the dominion of one of the many counterfeits of love. Here we have a long and sensitive study of a modern woman—pretty, clever, complex, rich—who is always in love with love, and in the end finds the reality. But Mrs. Norman stops short of proving that it was really the reality.

Her name was Leslie Rose, widow of Urquhart Rose, the sculptor. In many ways Mrs. Rose had been a happy wife. "But the man to whom she would become all woman was not Urquhart Rose." At the opening of the book the Boer War is in its early stages, and Mrs. Rose, having bought a typewriter, uses it to send long letters to a bachelor brigadier at the front whom she has never seen—General Reddington. The letters, of which some specimens are given, are not in the least sentimental. Kindly, informative, touched with feeling, they are eagerly read by the bachelor brigadier, and later, when he returns, invalidated, to England, to fall in love with Mrs. Rose, he does not guess that she was his unknown correspondent. Having refused the general, this emotional lady, by devious ways, finds her affinity in her old friend, Sergeant the Hon. Sir

Aubyn Tollemache, known as Tobey. The general returns to the front. This novel could only have been written by a woman. No man writer, no ordinary man writer, could sustain for over three hundred pages such a keen analytical interest in the ways and throes of love. Philanderers should learn something from this passage:

Every woman of temperament would willingly go so far with any man who interests her. If he will keep quiet and do and say nothing alarming, she will—to change the simile—approach nearer and nearer, staring with all her soul, as beasts in a field will draw close to an artist seated with an easel. But let him stay still! At the first "Hoosh" she is frightened. At a touch, should she have ventured within range, the emotions are set quivering; if each emotion has its pulse, what a racket in her veins. And then the self-questioning, the self-reproach, the uncomfortable sensations after.

*Love and His Mask* is a spirited and readable story, with an unaffected tenderness that lingers in the memory.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the *Week's Fiction* are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE OCTOPUS.

By FRANK NORRIS.

This is the first story in Mr. Norris's promised trilogy of the "Epic of the Wheat." What has an octopus to do with wheat? Everything, when, as in this case, the Octopus is a tract of country in California which goes by that name. Mr. Norris gives a very business-like air to this novel by including a map of the Octopus district, and a list of the characters. These number twenty-seven. We have Magnus Derrick (the "Governor"), proprietor of the Los Muertos Rancho, his wife, his two sons, his neighbours and friends, and many humbler folk. Dipping into the book we find the loading of a grain ship put to a tragic use. The novel, it should be explained, is complete in itself. The scene throughout is California. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A SOWER OF WHEAT.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

We are accustomed to the coincidences that lay two novels like *The Octopus* and *A Sower of Wheat* on our table almost on the same day. Here also we are on the great corn prairies of the West, and the wheat rustles or tinkles through all. Fields, railways, and gold mines form the spacious background of this story of industry and love. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE MILLION.

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

Madame Longard de Longarde's newest novel is founded on the following announcement in the *Wernowice News*: "Thomas Morawek, notary in Lyczyn, has presented a million florins to his native town for the foundation of an orphanage, destined for the education of motherless girls. We are informed that the money has already been deposited. . . ." The story does not relate to the orphanage, but to the means by which, to the amazement of his fellow citizens, Notary Morawek had accumulated his million. (Methuen. 6s.)

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

By JANE BARLOW.

Readers of Miss Barlow's Irish stories are likely to welcome this volume of short stories. Among the titles we notice "Dinny and the Dans," "The Counsel of Widdy Coyle," "The Vengeance of Joe Mahony," and "Cocky's Conscience." (Methuen. 6s.)

## THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR. BY S. K. HOCKING.

Mr. Hocking's readers love to see a minister tempted (in books, we mean), and to watch his behaviour under the ordeal. One of Anthony Weir's temptations occurs on page 151, where we find him watching the gambling at Monte Carlo. "In his pulpit ministrations he had often denounced gambling as one of the most pernicious vices of the age . . . yet now . . . the moral or immoral aspect of the question seemed to pass completely from his mind: the chance of winning a heap of gold seemed to dominate every other consideration." (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

## HEATHER'S MISTRESS. BY AMY LE FEUVRE.

A pleasant wholesome story for the young girl, with fifteen illustrations. "Heather's thoughts went back to that dreadful day, when she had sobbed out her heart upon the old dial. . . . So to the cosy little thatched cottage they went, and Abigail opened the door herself. . . . 'Ay, sir, you have the best of the two, but I'm thankful Miss Bluebell has seen the error of her ways. . . . And Miss Heather has chosen well, for we've heard you are on the Lord's side yourself, sir.'" (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

## THE GOLD THAT PERISHETH. BY DAVID LYALL.

Another story of the "fireside" type, by the author of *The Land o' the Leal*. Mr. Lyall here forsakes Scotland for Essex. The story is built up on homely virtues and on the vanity of riches. "There were no millionaires in Christ's time, and I am sure He never intended there should be," says the heroine. (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

## THE YEAR ONE. BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

This "Page of the French Revolution," the author explains, is laid principally in Paris during the Reign of Terror. He has not taken any of the great historical figures of the Revolution into his "dramatis personæ," but has endeavoured to show the effects of their actions on the fortunes of humbler people; and in this attempt he has gone to many original family records. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton now has eleven "romances" to his credit, and five "novels of to-day." (Methuen. 6s.)

## THE WARRIGALS' WELL. BY DONALD MACDONALD AND JOHN F. EDGAR.

This "North Australian Story" is inspired by the Imperial idea, and sets forth the adventures of Jasper Meredith and Allan Ogilvie as the agents of the "Outer Empire Exploration Company," of which Sir Samuel Warrington is chairman. After a good dinner Sir Samuel said to the two heroes: "A week ago there called at my office a man who told me a remarkable story. For a sum of money he undertook to divulge the whereabouts of a region rich in many minerals, and to lead the way to it in person. . . . This man was wrecked some time ago on the north coast of Australia." "There may be Millions in it" is the title of the next chapter. How the Megaphone Mine was found is set forth in the later chapters of this novel of pioneering. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

## A SET OF FLATS. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

No. 520, Victoria-street is the scene of the murder, and a list of the tenants in nine sets of flats is one of the first documents in the case. The murderer is believed to be a tenant. To extract him from the general population of the flats is the problem. A German professor, a journalist, a lady typewriter, and others, fall under the scrutiny of Inspector Phillipson. A brisk Scotland Yard story. (Milne. 3s. 6d.)

## THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA.

BY LOUIS TRACY.

The cover of this melodramatic story of a disappearance would almost run to meet you in a drawing-room, its yellow and black are so emphatic. Lady Delia was last seen at Victoria Station, and inquiry showed that she had entered a block of mansions at Chelsea in which there were six main entrances, seventy-two flats, and no hall porters. The story lacks nothing of mystery and horror. (Pearson. 6s.)

## THE SNARES OF THE WORLD. BY HAMILTON AIDÉ.

Mr. Aidé's new novel opens in Westminster in 1897, and we are at once interested in Moyra O'Connell, a poor but proud Irish girl of good birth who, in her aunt's opinion, has a great deal too much poetry and idealism about her, and ought to have accepted Lord Kilhaven. Moyra remains true to herself, yet gets into a false position in the house of Lord Desmond, whose ill-assorted marriage is important to the story. Moyra's handsome looks and well-filled mind give her rather more power than she can wisely control, but after some tribulation and much experience of modern society she is made happy. A wholesome Society story, rather longer than the average novel. (Murray. 6s.)

## WHILE CHARLIE WAS AWAY. BY MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Another book of letters with fold-over covers. We dip at a venture, and read: "Her little house in Belgravia is the prettiest thing of the kind I ever saw—white outside and in, everything in it white, except its owner. It goes by the name of the White Sepulchre, and certainly it is in one sense a mausoleum, where are bleaching the bones of many a nice, robust reputation." (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

## THE DARLINGTONS. BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

We found a good novel—*Sister Carrie*—in the "Dollar Library" the other day. This may be another. It opens at Ashboro', where President Darlington, of the High Point, Rankelman, Ashboro' and Southern Railroad, is addressing his fellow citizens on the prospects of the railway. He is followed by his daughter, the Auditor of the railway. The story is complex, and American to its inmost sentence. (Heinemann. 4s.)

## GOD'S REBEL. BY HULBERT FULLER.

Stories dealing with sociological questions in America are reaching us rather frequently. This is one, and the publishers think it will be of interest at the present time, in view of the great strikes of steel workers and engineers now proceeding. The story is long and full of varied matter. In the chapter called "The Evolution of a Grease Pot" we are among oil tanks and pipe-lines; in the chapter "Going Down" we are in a publisher's office; and in "The Crimson Sign" we are in the throes of a great American strike, with the militia out. (Jarrold. 6s.)

## REAL LIFE. BY CHARLES S. MARSHALL.

A very artless story laid at a sea-side boarding-house. The author has everything to learn about narration. "'Are you comfortable, Alice dear?' 'Yes, thank you, dear, I am. It is so kind, so good of you to evince such a deep interest in me. I shall never be able to reciprocate your kindness.'" We cannot understand how such stories as this find their way into print. (Draue. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## On Certain Affinities.

It is generally assumed that the curious phenomena in sensitiveness known as *correspondances*, are intimately and uniquely associated with the decadent school of thought. In these *correspondances* certain sense impressions stimulate in the mind the consciousness of a different sense: light awakens sensations of sound; perfume awakens sensations of colour. The name of *correspondances* was first applied to these abnormal sense-parallels in the works of Baudelaire, where the most striking examples of them are to be found.

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfant,  
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies.

Verhaeren has written:

Dites, la paix des grands couchants en mer !  
Dites, et leur douceur et leur splendeur penchante,  
Le soir, lorsque l'on croit, là-bas, dans le soleil,  
Que la lumière chante !

Indeed, all the French "Decadent" poets have been more or less subject to a like experience of sense transference.

It is, of course, a mistake to consider this inter-relation of impressions as necessarily dependent on a state of decadence, which is a state of disease. It is easy to prove that *correspondances* have, in English literature, been experienced and acknowledged by poets of robust and vigorous mentality. Was not the author of Job before Verhaeren when he heard sound in light: "All the morning stars sang together"? Did not Browning's "Abt Vogler" rear out of sound a palace visible to the eye in colour and form, with "rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass"? Have not Swinburne and Fiona Macleod and Edward Carpenter given us "grey winds," and "green winds," and "blue winds"? And to take an example from another art, does not Whistler intend to suggest music in his nocturnes in blue and silver, his symphonies in gold and grey? Indeed, there are not wanting signs of a time when these *correspondances* shall be scientifically scheduled, and an actual relationship demonstrated between, say, certain sounds and corresponding forms. Already experiments have proved that the notes of a scale have subtle parallels in colour.

All the processes of the arts dovetail one into the other. Turner's sunrises dissolve into music. Where shall we find a gallery of such pictures as the "Faery Queen" opens to us? What sculpture is there to equal the sublime group of Milton's "Samson Agonistes"?

This tragedy of strength is written for us, as it were, in a medium of stone. The movement is so slow as to seem almost stationary: the despair is so huge as to lose the minor details of colour in an overwhelming grey. There is no flush of the emotions of the flesh: the poem is blocked in the sombre and shadowy lines of spirit. Like the grandest examples of sculpture, it is ascetic in conception: cold, restrained, spare. This Samson is the man of epic achievement, but even more he is the Nazarene, the ascetic of Hebrew times, avoiding strong drinks, temperate in the indulgence of the senses. His mental and spiritual fibre is as heroic as his physical; he has the practical eye of the

statesman for opportunities, as well as the insight of the seer. Hence the tragedy of his fall, out of which he has courage to distil the bitterest essence, and bear with a large, patient helplessness the evil days and evil tongues. "Samson Agonistes" dwells in the mind like the memory of some of those earliest sculptures, strong with the freshness of a vigorous world, and bearing in every line that sense of unmeasured tragedy, of exquisiteness eternally frustrated, which in such stones as the Elgin Marbles stir to tears.

Blake's fragment of "Samson" is, on the other hand, almost entirely pictorial. You feel as if you had been looking through a portfolio of Blake's own drawings, inchoate, fraught with terrible and dazzling suggestion, or dim with tenderness. Indeed, could any drawing more adequately render the scene to the eyes of Dalila importuning than these few words?

He seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds;  
She seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing.

Could a drawing as adequately render this description of Dalila?

Put on fair linen that with the lily vies,  
Purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem  
More lovely in thy loose attire; put on  
Thy country's pride, deceit, and eyes of love  
Decked in mild sorrow; and sell thy lord for gold.

As Milton is sublime in stone, so Blake is tender in painting. To place, for instance, side by side these two descriptions of the Angel, reveals a whole world of difference, not only in method, but in fundamental conception. Here is Milton's account:

... An angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burned  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence...

These are Blake's lovely lines:

An angel from the fields of light entered the house.  
His form was manhood in the prime,  
And from his spacious brow shot terrors through the evening  
shade,  
But mild he hailed her. . .

It is to be noted that Dalila, not Samson, is the chief figure of Blake's poem, which deals solely with the incident of the betrayal. The name of Dalila has become a byword through the ages for the woman who tempts and who deceives. Octave Feuillet has adapted her to modern conditions, and given her to us in all her fascinating repulsiveness in his fine play "Dalila." Blake has chosen the moment when, lovely, tearful, she brings all her sinuous charms to bear upon the strong man's heart. Milton has chosen the moment when she comes to mock him in his despair, revealing herself, "a manifest serpent, by her sting discovered in the end." Is there any passage in literature more poignant with burning scorn than this description of the temptress?

But who is this? What thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd ornate and gay  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled and streamers waving,  
Courtied of all the winds that hold them play,  
An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind...

The woman is hardly to be found here at all, and one marvels how Samson should have fallen. But there is one medium of art that makes his fall seem simple, credible, inevitable: it is the medium that frames out of three sounds, "not a fourth sound but a star." In Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," Delilah is just a golden voice—



young, fresh, exquisite; in his music the passion, dead for aeons, relives and thrills once more through the hearts of us: the voice, sweet, persistent, wins to our very souls. What is there that moves like a voice? "That low voice my soul hears, as a bird the fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare." In listening, a soft forgetfulness steals over the senses; the being is absorbed in exquisite sound. And then you realise—for the first time, perhaps—how Samson loved: and the love-song that he and Delilah sing together echoes among the fairest love-notes that float about the temple of music.

Music covers so vast a field of emotion that the other arts find little place in it. It would seem almost impossible to visualise this opera of "Samson and Delilah." It is a-throb with crowded excitement—an excitement infinitely remote from the Hebrew spirit of Milton, the mild mysticism of Blake. There is a sense of crowds and clashing contrast, of glaring and exotic colour. The first prayer of the Hebrew captives has the softness and thickness of incense, all interpenetrated with pain. The dances—and in especial the dance of the priestesses of Dagon—are barbaric, terrifying; they verge on the paths of unexplored feeling. Even the crystal vitality of the maiden choruses is at times poignant with foreboding; you hear the sound of elusive wind that foretells gathering disaster. The music completes the circle of the story that Milton has sculptured and Blake painted. But in the music there is practically no Samson: the grindstone at Gaza is mute. And this is well; we could brook no music for this period of desolation beside the music of Milton's verse:

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!  
O first created beam, and thou great word,  
Let there be light and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. . . .

E. W.

## Things Seen.

### The Younger Generation.

HE was a thick-set, sun-tanned boatman, and he spent the day lounging on the parade, wheedling the passers-by to sail or row. Many times I passed him with a shake of the head, but one day I said, suddenly, "Yes!" It was as I half expected. The coax went out of his voice, and I deduced that he would a deal rather sun himself on the parade than be at the trouble of dragging his boat down to the sea. We went out a mile. Willingly he rested on his oars while I talked to him. For he was a sailorman, and it is good to be with those simple, sterling souls who are beyond the trivialities of civilisation, and who know danger outside the printed page. "You like being here?" I asked, waving my hand towards the sea front, with its dignified hotels, and parade bordered with trim beds of tamarisks, geraniums, and cornflowers, and hoping that they would call forth his scorn. "I like it very well," was what he said. "And you don't want to travel?" "No, this suits me very well." "You have never been away from here?" He shook his head. I was silent, asking myself, "Is this the new generation of sailor-men?" Presently his eye fell on my white, rubber-soled shoes, and he said, "Those are nice shoes, sir." I assented, and lit a cigarette. He also lit a cigarette. "I thought sailors smoked pipes," I remarked. "Pipes make me ill," he replied. "And what do you give for your cigarettes?" I asked. "They're five a penny." Then we talked of sad things, of a bather who

had been drowned that week. But dead or living, nothing roused this summer-day sailor of the younger generation. "I've often found dead bodies," he said. "The sea's full of dead men. I found one the day before yesterday." "Horrible! And did you bring him ashore?" I asked. "No," he answered, lighting another cigarette, "I got a rope round him, but his arm fell off. He'd have fallen to pieces before I could have pulled him ashore. It's a pretty place," he added, nodding his head towards the beds of tamarisks, geraniums, and cornflowers. Suddenly he threw his cigarette away, leant forward, and fixed his eyes on mine. For the first time I saw a light in them. "Once," he said, "I found a foreigner in the sea. He had a belt on, with a knife stuck into it." And for a moment the trim flower-beds and the monster hotels faded away, and Romance stalked on the waters and beckoned. "A belt with a knife in it," he repeated, and his voice dropped.

### The Harbour.

WHILE we leaned on the pier-railing we were aware of two big steamers approaching the harbour—the one from the north (perhaps from Leith), the other from the south (perhaps from London). It was lazily pleasant to mark their august approach, to see funnels divide, masts shine out, and the upper works grow organic against the blue and moaning sea. It was Sunday, and but for these toilers the whole horizon was blank.

As the boats drew nearer it seemed that they must end their voyages by entering the harbour abreast. And they did. Suddenly, as by a common convulsion, we leapt on whatever platform offered, and held our breaths. This coincidence of arrival was like to end in a collision. The final curves seemed impossible. The furious screw actions of the ships told us that our fears were not idle. A moment later the leviathans were mingled in a straining conflict of avoidance. Every ear anticipated the crash. But none came. There had been just sufficient room, and the steamers, drawing slowly apart, passed up the great harbour, a tiny figure showing on each bridge. The Leith boat pushed its nose close behind the London boat; and even as the dusk deepened and the night, pure and quiet, came down on the immense waters, we knew by the very posture of the ships that the captains were swearing at each other, from bridge to bridge, as only Britons can.

### The Chief Baker.

THE cab dropped me at the corner, and a church clock somewhere off the Fulham-road chimed the third quarter after one. "Good morning, sir," said the cabman, who drives me every night from Fleet-street. "Good night," I replied. That is our invariable joke. And then, as I started up the quiet street which contains my garden gate, I was arrested—not in the ordinary sense—by a policeman. He was clambering laboriously upon a railing which guarded the quiet side of the corner shop. I wondered, and watched. Gaining his foothold, he felt carefully about the ledge above his head, and having found something, he tugged. It was surely a rope. "What are you doing?" I enquired, with a sudden hope of catching a constable on the wrong side of the law. He said nothing, but seemed, like Pope's spider, to live along the line he held in his hand. After a few moments tense silence relinquished the rope, returned to the pavement, and recognised me as a respectable ratepayer. "It's the baker," he explained. "He ties that rope to the corner of his blanket, and one of us calls him every morning. It pays him." And as my baker rose to bake my morning roll, I wearily undressed in the hope of a night's rest which would give me an appetite to eat it.

## A Good Old Book.

A WRITER who has bright things to say on a great many subjects can hardly do better than produce a humorous or sentimental lexicon. This form excuses the brevity of his remarks, and softens the offence of his versatility. And if he needs a model he may find worse ones than the book, which, in its first edition, is thus entitled:

THE TIN TRUMPET;  
OR,  
HEADS AND TAILS  
FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH;  
TO WHICH ARE ADDED  
POETICAL SELECTIONS  
BY THE LATE  
PAUL CHATFIELD, M.D.  
EDITED BY  
JEFFERSON SAUNDERS, ESQ.

"Misce stultitiam consiliis."—Horace.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER & Co.  
AVE MARIA LANE.

1836.

The author of this book is Horace Smith, and we may wave Paul Chatfield, M.D., and Jefferson Saunders, Esq., aside without much ado. The venerable doctor is pictured in the frontispiece, sitting in an attitude of benevolence and complacency, with a trumpet suspended by a cord from his neck. It pleased Horace Smith to describe him as a good man who in his old age travelled through Yorkshire administering advice and medicine gratis to the poor. But in the season he repaired to Harrogate to enjoy the society of his own class, and here he founded a little society called "The Tea Party," for tea-drinking and "rational conversation." Anything in the nature of a club he held in abhorrence, and certainly "The Tea Party" did not resemble one. To avoid the use of a hammer, which his simple mind associated with the chairman of a club, the Doctor employed an instrument which combined the offices of a trumpet and a pen. With the pen he registered the society's proceedings, with the trumpet he regulated them. Set subjects were debated, and the Doctor's commonplace book was much in evidence. He was a mighty collector of stories, epigrams, antithetical phrases, and what not; taking his own and other people's wisdom wherever he found it. This commonplace book, we are to believe, is presented to us by his editor and legatee in *The Tin Trumpet*.

The book is a sort of meditative lexicon progressing alphabetically from A.B.C.D.A.R.I.A.N., ABLATIVE CASE, and ABLUTION, to the final YAWNING, YEARS, and YOUTH. A wide and wise Liberalism stamps the book, which often gives the impression of being in advance of its time. The style does not share this modernity. It has the gravity and balance which are now voted laboured. Yet the warmest champion of staccato writing must acknowledge that here and there the slower pace of Horace Smith's prose has both dignity and effect. Take the following passage under Jews:

Our Saviour was a Jew; the greater portion of the Bible is Jewish; the ten commandments, which constitute the basis of our morality, are Jewish. Why, then, should we dislike our fellow-subjects, and spiritual half-brethren, because they happen to be Jews, more even than we hate Turks and Pagans, who are utter aliens and infidels? All persecution is demoralising, and the Jews have been long exposed to its worst species—that of public prejudice,

aggravated by civil and other disabilities. Abolish all religious pains, penalties, and distinctions, and this oppressed race will quickly become elevated in the moral, as well as in the political scale.

What a picturesqueness do these descendants of Abraham impart to the otherwise monotonous surface of society! Far and wide do we travel, to behold the inanimate mouldering remains of Greece and Rome; while in the Israelites, our neighbours and fellow-townsmen, we may contemplate the living ruins of a nation still more ancient and illustrious. Who can survey their adust complexions, oriental physiognomies, and dark-flowing beards, converting them into unfaded portraits of the old Scripture characters, without being carried back, in imagination, to the crowded streets of Solyma, and the glories of King David.

It is idle to say that this is not good writing; yet hardly a clause would be accepted from a living writer. It would be worth while to examine the question of *pace* in style. In the above passage the pace is about half as rapid as the normal pace in the prose of to-day. Who now would call the Jews "descendants of Abraham"? or write of the "inanimate mouldering remains of Greece and Rome"? We should blue-pencil all that, and sweat the passage down to something like this:

Christ was a Jew; the Old Testament is a Jewish miscellany; the Decalogue was to the Jews. Why, then, annoy the Jew? He pays his rates, helps us to pay ours, and thinks with us as far as Malachi. All bullying is a mistake, and the Jew proves it. Treat him properly, and see if it does not pay.

What a colour-note is the Jew! We rush to look at stones in the Forum and the Parthenon, while the *débris* of a race gives majesty to Whitechapel. To jostle in that synagogue crowd is to see Laban and Leah at the well. To read the market report of Rothschilds is to vision the apes and peacocks of Solomon.

This is quite by the way. The digression at least permits us to remark that the Tin Trumpet is always blown on the side of the oppressed, against the oppressor. Horace Smith was a hater of every form of violence and cruelty. He defines an Angler as "A fish-butcher—a piscatory assassin—a Jack Ketch (catcher of jack), an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, a great gudgeon who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon." It is clear that Izaak will have a bad time on the next page. The high priest of anglers, he is denounced as the "HOOKER of their piscatory polity." How can anglers be pious? queries the Trumpet. Old Izaak must either have been a demure hypocrite or a blockhead. But because he could write a line as well as throw one he is supposed to have shed classical dignity on the art. What profanation! It is a pleasant characteristic of the Trumpet that its fiercest blare usually dies away in the cachinnations of a jest, and it is a relief, after hearing Izaak Walton damned, to learn of a wealthy tradesman who, when his foreman told him he had found a "chalybeate" at the bottom of his fish-pond, told him to throw it into the basket with the other fish.

It is unnecessary to state that the Trumpet calls men from War, not to it. War is "national madness." Under Soldier we have a neat meditation on the British officer which can offend no one:

Nothing so much shows the triumph of usage over fact, of the conventional over the abstract, as that a profession, apparently so much at variance with all their feelings, should be chosen by gentlemen of independence, humanity, and reflection. Nothing is more redeeming to our common nature than that such men, placed in a sphere so expressly calculated to make them both slavish and tyrannical, should generally preserve their good qualities from contamination. Few characters so honourable, few gentlemen so courteous, few companions so agreeable as a British officer; but this is not in consequence, but in spite of his being in the army. Why he ever entered it we presume not to inquire, but we

are bound to believe that his motive was not less rational and amiable than that of the affectionate Irishman, who enlisted in the seventy-fifth regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the seventy-sixth.

Not the oppressor and the man of violence, only, draw admonitory notes from the Trumpet. The Trumpet has its everyday *bêtes noires*. Smoking and snuff-taking are among these. "As it was said of Virgil that, in his *Georgics*, he threw his dung about him with an air of dignity, so may we allow Vesuvius and Etna to smoke, without conceding that privilege to every puny whaffler who may think fit to poison the air with the contents of his mouth." The man who makes "a sort of concubine of his Club" fares no better. The Game Laws are fair game to the Trumpet, which defines a Partridge as "A bird to which the Squirearchy are so strangely attached, that they will shoot, trap, and transport their fellow creatures for the pleasure of destroying it themselves." It cannot be denied that prejudice and even vulgarity steal into pages which as a whole are radiantly sensible and witty. Celibacy is certainly not "a vow by which the priesthood, in some countries, swear to content themselves with the wives of other people," though it may sound witty to say so.

We find no fault with the castigation of critics. Criticism, says the Trumpet, very often consists in measuring the learning and the wisdom of others, either by our own ignorance, or by our little technical and pedantic partialities and prejudices. Everyone has heard of the mathematician who objected to Shakespeare, that his works "proved" nothing. Equally luminous was the remark of the lawyer, who, happening to catch the words "a deed without a name," uttered by the witches in "Macbeth," repeated: "A deed without a name!—why, 'tis void." We hope it is not quite true to say nowadays:

Of much of our contemporary criticism, which consists rather in reviewing writers than writings, we may find a fair type in the following passage from a letter of the celebrated Waller: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

On the other hand, the following witty definition of a Book seems to have been written to be quoted in this enterprising year of grace:

BOOK.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Book-making, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely over-stocked that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have, for some time, been employed in cutting up each other as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

The stories in *The Tin Trumpet* are nearly all of the first water, and they range from the merest accidental funniment to the set story with a moral, told with consummate skill. The absurd ones are delightfully absurd, like that of the man who, being invited to dine at the Green Man at Dulwich, unluckily told the cabman to drive him to the Dull Man at Greenwich, and lost his dinner; or that of the lady who, when reproached with having made a most inconsistent marriage, allowed that she had said she would never marry a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, or a parson, but protested that she had never said she would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson; or the story of the Frenchman who when he saw Ironmonger Lane written on the corner of a street in London read it as "*Irons manger l'ane*," and exclaimed: "*Comment! Est ce qu'on mange des anes dans ce pays ci? Mais, quelle absurdité!*"

Through the book a low clarion note of cheerful, humble

philosophy persists, and at last triumphs in verses of which these are not easily forgotten:

Life—death—are links of one unbroken chain;  
Heirs to each other interchangeably,  
All things now dead have lived—will live again,  
And all that lives was dead—again will die.

Our ancestors are in the corn and trees;  
The living fields are fertilised by death;  
The dust was human once, and every breeze  
That blows around us has been human breath.

## Cement.

HE was superbly unaware of his deficiencies. For him the world was divided into halves—those who know "cement," and those who did not. "I've bin in cement ever since I was so 'igh," he said proudly, "an' I'd like to meet anyone who knows more about it. It's queer stuff, cement; takes a lifetime to know, it does. Why, these fellers that write about it in the papers, nine out o' ten don't know what it tastes like—an' you got to know that if you want to know cement. Their articles look all right—learned, and all that—but, lor! when you come to read 'em, 'arf of 'em's wrong, and the other 'arf's cribbed out of the text-books word for word. I'll bet yer what yer like they're young fellers green out o' college, but they might as well be babies. It takes a lifetime, cement."

We were seated at the ordinary of a small hotel in a little country town. Presently the talk fell, curiously enough, on Tennyson and Browning. One or two spoke with knowledge, the rest were vaguely conventional in their remarks. Then spake the man of cement:

"I can't say as I'm a thick 'un on potery meself," he began. "I never could make out what them chaps could find to gazzle about. Sometimes I take up a potery book and 'ave a look at it, but, lor bless my soul! in five minutes I 'ave to chuck it away and go and get a drink, it's such beastly dry stuff to read. What people want it for I can't make out; give me a paper and a pipe, and I'm alright—but potery, good lor!"

The table was already amused, and he was serenely happy, blissfully ignorant of the fact that some of us were laughing, not with him, but at him.

"I was going up to Scotland once," he went on, "and a little old feller got into the carriage after me. Nice little old chap 'e was, an' you'd never 'ave thought there was anything wrong with 'im to look at; but he was clean gone on potery, fair dotty on it. He'd got a bootifully bound volume with 'im that 'e kept looking at, an' presently 'e said to me: 'Do you like Browning?' 'Well,' I said, 'I can't say as I know much about 'im, but I 'ave 'eard 'e's a reg'lar out an' outer in the potery line.' 'That 'e is,' said 'e. 'Ere,' he said, 'let me read you this,' an' he fumbled about till 'e found a pome called—I can't remember exactly, something about a busted statue, or something—"

"You mean 'The Statue and the Bust,'" I interjected. "That's it; you're right," he cried, and continued, not a whit disconcerted: "Well, what with the noise of the train, and 'im reading too fast, and it being potery, an' all that, I couldn't make 'ead or tail of it, and never 'eard anything about the bust from beginning to end. When 'e finished 'e said: 'That's one of the finest pomes in the English language, don't you think so?' 'Out an' away,' I said, wanting to please 'im. 'I knew you'd like it,' 'e answered. 'Now just you read this and tell me what you think of it,' an' 'e gave me something all about a rose-tree. Thank goodness, it was short, but I couldn't make sense out o' that either. 'Owver, I said it was lovely, very bootiful indeed, thinking to please him. But I couldn't get off with that. 'E gave me another, much longer, and much worse. That



made me fairly savage. 'Ere was I, holding this blessed book and pretending to read as if I understood. 'E watched me all the time, an' whenever I squinted my eye to look out of the winder, there 'e was staring at me to see what effect the pome 'ad, I suppose. Well, it reg'lar got on my nerves, an' I felt as if I could chuck the blessed book down on the floor and jump on it. I got thro' it some'ow, and gave 'im back the book, saying it was bootiful, to please 'im, 'e looked so anxious to see if I liked it. Luckily the train stopped then, an' I changed carriages. I'd a' killed 'im if it 'ad gone on much longer. That's put me off potery ever since."

We all laughed, some of us with pity in our eyes, and perhaps a little contempt, but these things he did not see.

## Correspondence.

### "My Life's Record."

SIR,—While thanking you for your notice of my book (*My Life's Record*), will you kindly allow me to say:

(1) That the book would never have been published at all had I not ascertained, beyond all shadow of doubt, that a secret campaign was being carried on against me, founded, for the most part, on an incident in my early life which it was assumed I should not have the courage to face.

(2) That in such an attempt, as my book represents, a plain statement of fact was obviously most appropriate, without any regard to that "literary touch," the absence of which you seem to regret.

(3) That the point with which I am most concerned is the assertion of the moral and legal right of every man or woman to live down any error or misfortune. The moral right is, I believe, conceded by all reasonable people. The legal right has been established by deliberate judicial decisions which are quoted in my pages.—I am, etc.,

F. REGINALD STATHAM.

10, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W.

### The New "Hazlitt."

SIR,—In connection with the forthcoming edition of Hazlitt's Collected Works, I shall be very glad to hear from any one who may possess the fourth volume (in MS.) of the *Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft*. Three volumes of these memoirs, written partly by Holcroft and partly by Hazlitt, were published in 1816.—I am, etc.,

A. R. WALLER.

Santon Lodge, Reigate Hill, Surrey.

### "The Anonymity Business."

SIR,—The article you print in the *ACADEMY* of August 24, under the heading, "The Anonymity Business," and credit to the *New York Saturday Review*, is a home-product. It appeared originally in the *Glasgow Evening News*.—I am, etc.,

A. B.

[We are obliged to A. B. for the information.]

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 102 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best prose eulogy of the tomato. We award the prize to Miss Madeline E. Jennings, Stortford Cottage, Chorley Wood, Herts, for the following:

The eating of ripe tomatoes is a pleasure so refined and subtle that it seems to be almost a virtue in itself. To like them is a liberal education. For in this fruit's flaming heart there is a taste elusive and delicious, at once vivid and austere. It suggests the brightness of a scarlet flower, and the pungent freshness of a marsh upon a mountain side. To the imagination it confounds the elements, and is fire and earth and water all in one. I have had far more respect for Eve since I divined that the "pomme d'amour" of Paradise was a tomato.

Other replies are as follows:

Many grave disputes have you caused among the learned in vegetable and fruit growing. For a long time it was difficult to assign you a place on the vegetable or fruit list of our country. Much controversy has ended in a compromise. At the fashionable garden party in Park-lane, when served between delicate slips of bread and butter, you are a fruit; when tossed into the rude frying-pan of the navvy, beside a piece of fat bacon, you are a vegetable. And now you fascinate the palate in sauce, and form an eatable cover to the succulent sardine. The City clerk, as he swarms into Leadenhall-street and Gracechurch-street pounces upon you with as much satisfaction as he did the pear and apple a few years ago. A few fussy people tear off your cardinal skin before you meet their lips. They forget that, like the cucumber, you are more digestible with your jacket on. But whilst you satisfy many appetites, do not think that you have no enemies. You have been arraigned before the bar of public opinion, and solemnly accused as being the cause of the increase in consumption. The charge has failed. You have as many medicinal properties as the onion. Yes, you are a choice fruit; a satisfying vegetable. You are also named the love apple; but was not that after you upset the happiness of Mr. Pickwick and widow Bardell?

[E. T. H., Cambridge.]

I love the tomato. I like to look at it as it grows, the fruit hanging heavy among the green leaves. I like to handle it, to touch its smooth soft skin, and feel its coolness against my palm. But best of all do I enjoy eating it. To break away from the parent stem a quite ripe fruit, to remove tenderly the thin clinging skin, to divide in four the now slippery pulp, to be alternately spendthrift and miser as I pour over oil from Lucca and vinegar from Spain—that is pleasure, the dish is ready, the gods are served. For my voice is not that of the artist, for all the beauty of the round ripe fruit; nor of the gardener, though *Lycopersicon esculentum* is prolific and grateful for a very little tending; nor of the cook proud of talents devoted to tomatoes, farcis, and macaroni à l'Italienne. But a lover of the love apple, a daughter of Eve, sings in praise of the coolest, freshest-flavoured, least cloying fruit that grows. Call it vegetable if you will; reflect on its connections—the deadly nightshade, the mandragora, black henbane are all its brothers, digitalis is its cousin. It comes of a family of poisoners. All the more honour, then, say I, to our tomato, who started off on new lines, and has grown so wholesome and so good. I have only to add a caution to all who would enjoy to the full this prince of vegetables—beware of mixing with the delicate apple of love "the rank and guilty garlic." Alone and unadorned by any of its kin let it be dressed, and then will eye and palate rejoice, for both will be abundantly satisfied.

[M. E. D. Grantown-on-Spey.]

Perhaps the greatest charm of the tomato lies in this, that it keeps at a respectful distance those who, for one reason or another, are not worthy of receiving its favours. By nature it is particularly exclusive. It is not eager for new friendships, and often proves distasteful to those who rashly seek intimacy at a first meeting. Only solicitous and humble efforts to win favour are rewarded, and I have known worthy people whom it constantly rejected in spite of their perfect willingness to find it sweet and attractive. It stands apart, beautiful on the outside, but containing within much unpleasantness for those who have not learned to appreciate its peculiarly delicate and subtle flavour. Peeping from behind its covering of green leaves it invites a closer intimacy than that which the eyes can give; but if the inexperienced stranger be not careful of his manner of approach, it will refuse to give up its heart to him. It attracts admiration, but is anxious to keep it unexpressed. It reserves itself only for those whom it deems fit for its especial favours.

For these reasons, and because the tomato has from the first treated me as a desirable acquaintance, I love it, and give it a place in my affections higher than those occupied by the peach or strawberry. My early admiration and respect have been rewarded by complete friendship, which no smile from the apricot or pear has been able to destroy.

[C. F. K., Eccles.]

A little bundle of salmon-coloured jelly and yellow pips, neatly done up in a tough skin of glossy vermillion and fastened at the top with a little knot of green. Such is the tomato, the fruit-vegetable of England. It is Nature's own ice-cream, luscious as the grape, refreshing as champagne. The traveller, trudging along the hot roads of rural England, is wise if he have one in his poke; he will find it sweeter, more inspiring, than the belauded "humming ale." And it is a delight to the eye as well as the palate. Have you ever noticed it, reader, when it reposes in the salad bowl, amid the white circles of onion and egg and the green luxuriance of lettuce? Then, most of all, is it a delight to the artistic eye: it completes a pre-Raphaelite picture—in a pleasantly practical form. It is like the grape laughing in green attire, and it inspires enthusiasm. And what is enthusiasm but an ethereal kind of hunger? Tomatoes for ever, say I!

[H. A. M., London.]

Far beyond the mere fact that it is the *Lycopersicon esculentum*, or, as others would have it, the *Solanum lycopersicum*; more beautiful even than the truth that it is "much esteemed in England as an esculent, either raw or cooked" (as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* correctly remarks) is the romantic and spiritual side of the tomato.

Is it not called the *Love Apple*?

And whence that name, if it be not the very fruit that Paris handed to the victorious Goddess of Beauty?

Whence, also, that brilliant, everlasting blush, if not traceable to the same occasion?

Did Paris give Venus an ordinary apple?

Impossible! He gave her a tomato!

But the title *Love Apple* may well have even an earlier origin. Perhaps the first lovers named it such, as it dangled seductively from the Tree of Knowledge. If that were so, how great the temptation of Eve—how easy the task of the Snake!

Mark Twain has ventured to call the golden dragon-guarded apples of Hesperides oranges! No! Would Hercules have shouldered his club, and rested among maidens, and swindled the giant Atlas, for a whole barrelful of oranges—wrapped up in tissue paper even? No, sir! I wish to assert that these "golden apples" were tomatoes.

In short, the tomato is an ancient, excellent, and romantic fruit. Which think of next time you eat them fried.

[H. W. G., London.]

I would sing of thee, O Tomato, in jingling rhyme, but that I am forbidden: therefore I must curb my pen and strive to do thee justice in prose. Art thou vegetable or fruit? Who cares?—thou art unique. What fruit eclipses thee in colour, what vegetable in flavour? And yet thy colour, thy dainty, rounded shape, was not enough—Nature, in a bounteous mood, must needs give thee a polish. Most shining, fascinating ball, how thou glowest amidst the breakfast bacon! O incomparable Tomato, by thy beauty and flavour thou makest the common necessary mutton-chop a dish for the gods. Reposing blushing on cool green lettuce-leaves, mine eyes would fain feast on thee for ever, and to eat thee seems a sacrilege. 'Tis said—I can scarce believe it—that some do not like thee; they eye thee coldly and murmur that thou requirest an acquired taste. But surely, coquettish Tomato, is not this one of thy greatest charms? Thou dost not court favour, but, conscious of thy worth, repulst all half-hearted investigators. Alas! when I see thy mutilated remains in labelled bottles, I sigh for what thou hast gone through to get there, and mourn for thy departed glory. Where is now thy fiery crimson? Where is now thy fresh and pungent odour? Yet, notwithstanding, with watering mouth and eager hand I pour thee out.

[K. M. P., Bangor, North Wales.]

Replies also received from E. H. H., Streatham; F. G. A., Lee; R. W., Sutton; Miss P., Norwich; F. A. S., Highgate; W. F., Dunoon; E. T., Bexhill-on-Sea; A. D. B., Helsby; A. H., Southport; W. R., Clapham; T. F. S., Manchester; G. H., Rhosecolyn; C. H. B., Gateshead; A. S. H., Dalkeith; H. V. S., Shepherd's Bush; H. J., Hadley Wood.

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## New Books Received.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Moule (H. C. G.), *Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year*. (Religious Tract Society) 3/6.  
 Maclaren (Shaw), "Follow Thou Me": being Letters written on Joining the Church of Scotland ..... (Melven) 1/0

### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Pater (Walter), *Essays from The Guardian* ..... (Macmillan) net 8/6.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Cowan (Samuel), *Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters?* 2 vols. .... (Low) net 28/0  
 Vivian (Olive) and Vivian (Herbert), *The Romance of Religion* ..... (Pearson) 6/0  
 Carr (Kent), *Bijou Biographies*: Miss Marie Corelli ..... (Uranic) 1/0

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Hallett (Oecil), *The Cathedral Church of Ripon* ..... (Bell)  
 Harper (Henry A.), *An Artist's Walks in Bible Lands*. (Religious Tract Society) net 6/0

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Pike (Oliver G.), *Woodland, Field, and Shore* ..... (Religious Tract Society) net 5/0

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- "R," *Dress in a Nutshell* ..... (Greening) 0/6  
 Skirving (R. Scot), *Our Army in South Africa* ..... (Angus)  
 Cruickshank (J. W. and A. M.), "Grant Allen's Historical Guides": The Umbrian Towns ..... (Richards) net 3/6  
 Bright (A. D.), *Three Christmas Gifts, and other Tales*. (Simpkin, Marshall) net 3/0

### EDUCATIONAL.

- Smith (D. Nichol), edited by, *Hazlitt: Essays on Poetry* ..... (Blackwood) 2/6  
 Soutar (George), *Pope: Rape of the Lock, and other Poems* ..... (Blackwood) 2/6  
 Wilson (Agnes), *Lamb: Select Essays* ..... (Blackwood) 2/6  
 Innes (A. D.), *Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats Selections* ..... (Blackwood) 2/6  
 Wyatt (Alfred J.), edited by, *An Elementary Old English Reader*. (Cambridge University Press) 4/6  
 Willson (St. J. Basil Wynne), *Virgil: Æneid*. Books V., VI. (Blackwood) 1/6  
 Pontet (C. A. A. Du), *Cæsar: Gallic War* ..... (Blackwood) 1/6  
 Lee (Elizabeth), edited by, *The George Eliot Reader* ..... (Blackwood) 2/0  
 Godley (A. D.), *The Fables of Orbilius. Part I.* ..... (Arnold) 0/6  
 Bidder (Marion Greenwood) and Buddleley (Arnold), *Domestic Economy in Theory and Practice* ..... (Cambridge University Press) 4/0  
 Otley (R. L.), *A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period*. (Cambridge University Press) 5/0  
 Hamilton (J. G.) and Kettle (F.), *A First Geometry Book* ..... (Arnold) 1/0  
 Hamilton (J. G.) and Kettle (F.), *A First Geometry: Answers and Hints to Teachers* ..... (Arnold) 0/6  
 Thimm (C. A.) and Marshall (J.), *Russian Self-Taught* ..... (Marlborough) 2/6 cloth, 2/6  
 Finnemore (John), *Boys and Girls of Other Days* ..... (Black) 1/4  
 "Sir Walter Scott" Readers for Young People: *The Pirate* ..... (Black) net 0/6  
 Speight (E. E.), selected and arranged by, *Poems of Shelley* ..... (Black) net 0/6  
 Neville (K. P. R.), *The Case-Construction after the Comparative in Latin*. (Cornell University)

### NEW EDITIONS.

- Austin (Alfred), *Alfred the Great, England's Darling* ..... (Macmillan) net 2/6  
 Eliot (George), *Scenes of Clerical Life* ..... (Blackwood) net 2/0  
 Eliot (George), *Silas Marner* ..... (Blackwood) net 2/0  
 Cervantes (Miguel de), *Don Quixote. Vol. II.* ..... (Gowans & Gray) net 1/0  
 Thompson (Robert), *The Gardener's Assistant. Divisional—Vol. IV.* (Gresham Publishing Co.) 8/0  
 MacColl (Rev. Malcolm), *The Reformation Settlement* ..... (Longmans) net 3/6

### PERIODICALS.

Blackwood's, Contemporary Review, Universal and Ludgate, Argosy, Humanitarian, Genealogical Magazine, Antiquary, Alpine Journal, Scribner's, Thrush, Architectural Review, Ainslee's, Geographical Journal, Public School Magazine, World's Work.

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

MR. HEINEMANN has in preparation a series of handy volumes on "The Great Peoples," somewhat after the plan of John Richard Green's celebrated *Short History of the English People*. The series is under the editorship of Prof. F. York Powell, and the first volume, on *The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth, and Influence*, by Martin A. S. Hume, will be followed by *The French People*, by Arthur Hassall, M.A., and *The Russian People*, by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

ON September 11 Mr. Grant Richards will publish *The Sovereign Herbs: a History of Tobacco*, by W. A. Penn. The book is the first attempt since 1859 to chronicle adequately the development of smoking. The manufacture of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, the literature of tobacco, tobacco and genius, the hygiene of tobacco, and many other matters are dealt with.

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"THE THRUSH" for September contains the Ode of Welcome to the Trades Union Congress by Sir Lewis Morris.

The Rules for a Prize Poem Competition, open to Subscribers to "THE THRUSH," are contained in the August Number.

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